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OUT of the frying pan into the fire once more! As we go to press incomplete returns indicate very clearly that the Republicans have received a tremendous chastisement in the elections, even if they hold House and Senate. Hardingism and Daughertyism have suffered their merited rebuke; there will have to be a remarkable overturn in the next two years to make it possible for the Republicans even to consider Mr. Harding for the Presidency again. That there has been a "wet" reaction also appears upon the face of the returns from the Middle West. But in the main the voting is heartening and encouraging to all Liberals, for it shows not only the spread of the agrarian movement but that all through the land the voters are thinking. So quiet was the campaign in most States that there was cause for the fear that the discouragement of the voters had gone so far that they had lost the power of resentment. The result proves that this was not the case and there can be no question that the vicious and indefensible Fordney tariff has met its proper rebuke. While the Republican Party has apparently not had to pay for its treachery to the people by losing Congress, the rebuke is not less clear than that which followed, in 1910, the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich tariff. The narrow escape from defeat of Senator Lodge in Massachusetts has only one meaning. Never was a prominent Republican leader, who so clearly personified the achievements and policies of his party, more mercilessly cut in that State. All in all there is every ground for encouragement and not the least for discouragement in the outcome, for an electorate whose instincts and desires are so sound will not much longer consent to be humbugged by the two old parties.

OUT where the West begins the voters showed real political insight. The good old national pastime of driving out one party only to bring in another precisely like it was not good enough for them. There was no Democratic landslide in Robert La Follette's State. Apparently Lynn Frazier, Nonpartisan League candidate for Senator in North Dakota, is elected, although he ran on the Republican ticket. Hiram Johnson did not suffer in California. And, best of all, Minnesota seems to have elected Henrik Shipstead, Farmer-Labor candidate, to the Senate, over Senator Frank Kellogg, whose defeat was desirable from every point of view, with Mrs. Anna Olsen, the Democratic candidate, running on a League-of-Nations platform, a weak third. In Oregon the Ku Klux candidate was swept into office in the Democratic wave, but he lacks a majority in the State legislature, and the referendum vote on the Klan's bill to put the parochial schools out of business was well defeated. Nebraska's voters knew what they were doing when they drove Senator Hitchcock, a chief war offender, leader of the Wilson forces in the Treaty fight in the Senate, out of office, and put a liberal Republican, Beecher Howell, in his place. Brookhart, another radical running on the Republican ticket, easily carried Iowa. Both Howell and Brookhart had Nonpartisan League indorsements. In other States the Nonpartisans and Democrats were in alliance, and made surprising gains. From Montana an anti-Anaconda Democrat, Wheeler, goes to the Senate. The Farmer-Labor ticket, with Democratic indorsement, swept Oklahoma. In Indiana Beveridge, an erstwhile liberal, seems to have lost, probably because of his partisan indorsement of the Harding Administration and his attack upon the Adamson Law.

"LET'S Make it Unanimous in Al's Home Town"—with that slogan Tammany rolled up its feline shirtsleeves and, with the aid of liberals, anti-Luskers, and independents of every stripe, very nearly did. Al Smith carried New York City by almost half a million majority—a vote of close to three to one. Nowhere except in Wisconsin, where the badgers seem to have tried to make it unanimous for their Bob La Follette—early returns gave him a ten-to-one lead—did any candidate ride on such a tide of personal popularity. And with Smith the whole Democratic State ticket seems to have swept into office. The Republican lead of thirty in the State Senate has dropped to one; their lead of forty-seven in the Assembly to half a dozen. In such circumstances Governor Smith has a great opportunity. There should be enough independent Republicans to enable him to do effective work. His first task should be the redemption of his promise to repeal the Lusk bills which still shame the State law-books. We were proud of Al Smith when he vetoed those bills three years ago. We congratulate him on his reelection, and we shall congratulate him still more when he wipes out that disgrace.

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ONCE more light comes out of the East. While once-democratic Italy sinks into the dictatorship of the Fascisti, who smash printing-plants and labor headquarters, suppress the mildest opposition newspapers, and announce that they will deliver all the state-owned industries to private capitalists, Turkey dethrones the Sultan and declares the Ottoman Empire at an end. "The Government of the nation is vested in the National Assembly. . . . The people will recognize no personal authority like that in Constantinople" declares the new law. We shall print in next week's *Nation* an account of the democratic constitution of the new Turkey, by Zia Bey, son of a former Turkish Foreign Minister. The religious headship of Islam remains in the Osman family, but the Assembly will select the prince "whose moral qualities, talent, and conduct suit him for the choice." This is no Western theory imposed upon the East by Communists or other fanatics of a Western system; this is the awakening East attacking its own rottenness. A sick and dying Europe may well fear an Asia awakening to consciousness of her own strength, breaking first the chains imposed by her own rulers, and preparing to break the chains which Europe's financial imperialism has forged upon her. The manner of Kemal's latest coup in Constantinople is alarming, but Kemal certainly has far better right there than the British or the French, and the manners of revolutionaries have been poor from the days of the Boston Tea Party down.

GREECE seems destined, by the sword and by diplomacy, to lose most of the lands of her aspirations. Asia Minor and Thrace have no sooner "gone Turkish" than Italy, with no better apparent excuse than the weakness of Greece, denounces the Italo-Greek agreement of 1920, and announces that she will hold the Dodecanese Islands in the Ægean Sea. Meanwhile even England seems to have abandoned her erstwhile good intention of returning the Greek island of Cyprus to the Greeks. The Italian press commends Italy's action on the dubious ground that arrangements made during the negotiation of the Sèvres treaty are no longer binding, since the treaty itself faces revision. This reasoning is specious and cynical and most significant. If the Greeks deserve any land beyond their own shores it is these very islands, which declared their desire for union with Greece in 1920 and are almost wholly Greek in temper and nationality. But Italy's action is an illuminating commentary on European politics. Greece is a dead dog; let the other dogs pick the bones. The Turkish treaty must be changed; let everyone, then, grab while the grabbing is good. The atmosphere of the Near East is white with a veritable stage snowstorm of scraps of paper which once were treaties.

OUR thoughtful Ambassador, Mr. George Harvey, in a recent address at the Author's Club in London, boldly and magnificently endowed women with souls. But even before this important decision, as many as 28 or 30 women had been nominated for seats in Parliament. This indicates a degree of political activity on the part of women that has no parallel in this country. It indicates also that in England the activity of women is flowing in the channel of direct personal participation in politics rather than, as in this country, in the direction of lobbying and other outside legislative work. For the present this may be little more than an impressive demonstration. Few of the women nominated, except Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham, stand for constituencies previously held by members of their own parties. But the coming election is bound to result in a great many overturns, some of which may result in toppling a really impressive group of women into Parliament.

OF all the petty provocations of which France has been guilty in these years of revenge none has been meaner than this: In 1914, at the request of the French Government, the city of Frankfurt lent to the Lyons Exposition a collection of Goethe material, including some Goethe manuscripts. When the war came they were still in France. After the war Frankfurt asked their return. The French Government at first refused. Finally it agreed to return the relics if Germany would first pay 500,000 francs to cover the cost of their care in the intervening eight years. That, at current exchange, meant 60,000,000 marks. Now the French Government had paid the costs of transportation in 1914 and had agreed, when it requested the collection, to return it in good condition. When Germany did not pay the bill a Lyons court ordered the Goethe relics sold at auction. All honor to Paul Souday, who has protested in the *Temps;* all honor to the *Progrès civique,* which cries out "Let us be Frenchmen, which means courteous, chivalrous, and men of our word." But today that meaning seems to be as much a relic as a Goethe manuscript.

RALEIGH, N. C., October 24.—Plans for the organization of a company, with the State of North Carolina as the principal stockholder, to operate a fleet of steamships between North Carolina and North Atlantic ports will be laid before the General Assembly after it convenes in January, Gov. Morrison announced today.

WHERE are our Luskers and battlers against foreign socialism? Why do they not fly to arms as they read this item? We have searched our journalistic defenders of the faith in vain for words of rage. If North Dakota had had coasts and had proposed a State fleet the welkin would have rung with denunciations of so un-American and socialistic a policy. Consistency is not the strong point of these gentry. They praise the State of New York when that conservative commonwealth opens State warehouses at the terminals of the Erie Canal in New York and Buffalo, they congratulate Louisiana on its enterprise when it expends millions for terminals and cotton warehouses in New Orleans. But when North Dakota issued bonds for the same purpose they called it treason. And if Governor Morrison really puts his State into the steamship business next winter, the fact will either be ignored by the editorial guardians of things as they are, or be declared precisely what a State should do to protect its citizens from profiteering. It all depends upon what cook makes the broth.

"SMITH calls Tariff Robbery of Masses"—thus the headlines over a final speech of the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. Nothing new in that, nor in his estimate that it will cost the masses four billions a year. Yet no one could, we think, exactly gauge the amount which will be gouged out of the masses in order to help some unprofitable businesses to exist and to swell the profits of others. Already the news of what is going on begins to filter into the press. Inquiry shows that the china and pottery trade expect prices to rise from 20 to 50 per cent after January first. The housewives will have to

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pay, giving thanks to Jehovah, we trust, for the wonderful Republican Party which has boosted the tariff on white china from 50 to 60 per cent and on decorated china from 55 to 70 per cent. Even more familiar are the facts brought out by a study of the list of recent contributors to the Republican campaign funds. They are all there, all the old beneficiaries of the tariff's special privileges, and some new ones. Cash registers came off the free list and were taxed 25 per cent—and behold, five persons in Dayton, Ohio, two of them Patterson by name, sent in $22,500 to the Republican treasury. Oddly enough, people named Patterson who live in Dayton make cash registers. The Connecticut silk manufacturers were similarly thoughtful. How very grateful the American workingman ought to be for all this Republican devotion to his pocket and his welfare!

BENJAMIN SHANIN came to this country in 1912 at the age of seventeen. At the time of the draft act he had not filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen and was therefore not subject to be drafted. He registered, complied with the law, and was exempted in accordance with the act. District Judge Morton, of Boston, before whom Shanin came seeking naturalization, found him to be of good moral character, but excluded him from citizenship because of lack of "attachment to the principles of the Constitution of the United States," as shown by his failure to waive an affirmative exemption accorded him by law! Shanin, who is a law student, therefore cannot, unless Judge Morton be reversed, enter the practice of the law, and the years which he has spent in preparation for that profession are wasted—and for no better reason than because he scrupulously complied with the provisions of the Selective Service Act. Fortunately, Judge Morton's decision does not stand alone. Precisely the same question was presented to Judge William R. Smith of the El Paso, Texas, division of the Federal District Court, and he reached a conclusion just the reverse of Judge Morton's. An analogous case has been decided in Michigan in accordance with Judge Smith's ruling, and another in Texas in accordance with Judge Morton's. No case has yet reached the Circuit Court of Appeals. Shanin should appeal from Judge Morton's decision; we hope that the Circuit Court of Appeals will reach a fairer conclusion.

JEAN LONGUET comes to the United States as a sort of people's ambassador. He is the first representative of the other France to come to this country since the war. We have had generals, field marshals, academicians, premiers, and plain propagandists to represent official France and speak her need of reparations, of 800,000 soldiers, of military alliances. Longuet arrives to plead the need of France for reconciliation, for disarmament, for friendships based upon recognition of the interlinked needs of the nations. His coming is peculiarly appropriate in view of Clemenceau's imminent arrival. The two represent utterly opposed conceptions of Europe and of France. Curiously, they are old friends. Longuet's father was a Communard (it was when in exile that he met and married Karl Marx's daughter) and an old comrade of the Tiger; when Jean came to Paris as a boy he always stayed with "Oncle Georges." The war brought a change. Clemenceau became the bitter-end Premier; Longuet leader of the group of Socialists who pleaded for a peace of reconciliation, for what was then called a "Wilsonian" peace.

AWAKENING of the American Negro to a keener political sense is evidenced in an editorial in the Atlanta *Independent* entitled A Hired Leadership, which complains that the race is handicapped by self-constituted leaders who are "willing to sell the birthright of the race for a miserable mess of pottage" and who consider that "office-holding for themselves is full payment and satisfaction for the recognition of the race's political rights." This, the Republican Party's time-honored method of holding the colored vote, will become less effective if the next session of Congress fails to enact the Dyer Anti-Lynching Law. As for Haiti—the other fundamental issue affecting Negroes which the Republicans had the power to rectify—an effort is being made by Senator McCormick to win favor with his large colored constituency and to salvage the total wreck of the Administration's pledges by appointing a few colored men to subordinate positions in that helpless republic. America's Negro citizens should be under no illusion as to this fraud.

WOMEN cutting loose from the dictates of Paris fashions? It seems incredible. But the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs has actually come to the rescue and support of the "seven-inch-from-the-ground skirt," in the face of the dictates of Paris. This is common sense, which is all the more remarkable. To see women returning to the ugly and unhygienic costume devised by the Parisian tailors just for a change, and also, perhaps, with a view to helping the makers of fabrics, was disheartening. The new style carries with it draperies which actually sweep up the sidewalks and their germ-laden dirt. Of what use then lessons in hygienics and personal cleanliness? The movement against this new-old fashion is not, however, confined to New York City. In New Jersey likewise the club-women have protested, finding the long skirt a hindrance to free movement and a menace in getting on and off street cars. The business woman should be most effective in her protests; her office tasks call for sensible attire, not for slavish acceptance of a stupid fashion.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE acquitted himself gracefully as Ambassador to Italy. He was genuinely interested in Italian literature; his book on Dante, published a few days before his death, is pleasant and dignified, if not profound. Mr. Page made his reputation as a writer of sentimental fiction dealing mostly with Virginia before the war and just after the war—romantic, idealized accounts of a society which no doubt had many of the charms which he ascribes to it, but accounts false to history and to human character, and therefore at best only secondary art. Every man in a slave-owning family was to him an exquisite gentleman, every woman a paragon of virtue and loveliness, and every child was brought up by a black mammy whose loyalty made almost regrettable the passing of slavery. Page declared his own purpose to be "to heal the breach between the two sections of the country." Now, it is perfectly proper for a romantic novelist to draw flattering pictures of the community in which he has been brought up. It is pleasant to read an idyllic and sweetly-flavored story of Virginia or Louisiana or Pennsylvania or Vermont. But fiction which is not based on an honest study of human nature and social conditions cannot be great and it cannot realize the admirable ethical purpose of engendering sympathy between parts of a nation, or of the world, which have been sundered by strife and misunderstanding.

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Our Own Secret Fascisti

DAY by day the tide of Know-Nothingism rises in the land; day by day the number of secret or semi-secret societies, which would not only control our morals and manners but set up an invisible government alongside of the existing governments, increases. If one were to judge merely by the number of self-appointed saviors of our society and our Constitution and our Government, we should have to admit that our country is in a parlous way. We lack only open and above-board Fascisti, black-shirted and round-capped, and there are those who think that they can be created whenever the American Legion's thirst for the bonus becomes a bit greater. Meanwhile, in Massachusetts the Sentinels of the Republic are holding meetings to honor Samuel Adams and others and thus to defend our sacred Constitution by shedding upon us once more the refulgent light of our honorable ancestors. Down in South Carolina the Minute Men of South Carolina have sprung into being to save the State and its schools for Protestantism. They have discovered that despite the present percentage restriction of immigration we are "the dumping ground for vast hordes of ignorant and illiterate, and in many cases criminal, peoples from Roman Catholic countries." Why, ask the Minute Men, is it impossible to secure adequate laws to prevent these evils and to stop these immigrants from "enjoying the fruits of our ancestors' sacrifices and labors while we, the rightful inheritors, are being gradually forced out of many of the chances of livelihood because we cannot live and compete with this motley scum?" Their answer, of course, is that a small minority "well-organized and generaled" is "trying to make this nation Roman Catholic."

But our American patriots are, fortunately, not of one sex. In Maryland there have arrived from the South the "Ladies of the Invisible Eye," fresh from their achievements in Texas where four of the Texas members recently punished a woman by beating her one hundred times "with knotted straps" on the charge of "ruining her daughter." Any loyal citizen who is "a white woman of sound mind and a believer in the tenets of the Christian religion and the principles of pure Americanism" can "most respectfully apply for membership in the Invisible Eye," or Invisible Empire as some call it, provided—and this is very important—she has a ten-dollar bill. The applicant must forget that she is a woman and promise that she can "keep a secret and will do so"; then she must betray one or more secrets by giving the name of the secret organization with which her "husband, father, son, or brother" is affiliated. Plainly if there are only enough ten-dollar bills and enough Ladies of the Invisible Eye we shall be able to put at least half our courts out of business, leaving the regulation of our customs and morals to such self-constituted guardians.

The Ku Klux Klan, as our readers know, has now passed out of the amusing stage and has entered the domain of practical politics to challenge our existing parties. In Georgia Governor Thomas F. Hardwick was overwhelmingly defeated for the late Senator Watson's seat, by the Klan—a triumph made easy by the fact that only 80,000 votes were cast in a State of 3,000,000 population. In Texas there was a bolt from the Democratic Party in the effort to defeat the Klan candidate who was successful in the primary; in Oregon, the State furthermost from Texas, the whole election turned on the Klan issue, the Democratic candidate having its indorsement. It bobbed up at the last moment in Kansas, and so it goes; how far its influence was extended only the complete election returns may show. Even in Massachusetts the Klan, now organized in every New England State, is at work, the first organization having been formed in Cambridge to fight Catholics and Bolshevists. "This," said the organizer, "is the first time we ever started an 'anti-campaign.' Heretofore the Klan has been pro-American, pro-Protestant, pro-white. Now we are going to get anti, and anti all over Bolshevism, and every Bolshevist in the country is to know he's being anti-ed against."

Alas for true Americanism! The Klan is meeting with opposition. That was to be expected in Milwaukee. There the Socialist Mayor has notified the organizer from Georgia that Milwaukee will become "the hottest place this side of hell for the Ku Klux Klan if any of the Klan pounce upon one of our citizens, whether he be black or white, red or yellow, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant." Milwaukee boasts that for law and order it stands, under its Socialist government, first among all the cities of the world, and its mayor warns the Klan that its attempt to "transfer government from its proper officers to the Klan," "will land your officers and thousands of your members in the penitentiary" if persisted in. In Kansas, Governor Allen, the autocratic, has taken the arrival of the Klan as an excuse for a further exhibition of his failure to understand the fundamentals of American life by announcing that the Klan will be run out of the State. This gubernatorial suppressor of free speech has directed his Attorney General to resort to the injunction to drive the Klan away—an un-American method of getting rid of an un-American menace. In Maine the Governor denounces the establishment of the plan as "an insult and affront to American citizens"; in Chicago the head of a national bank has been compelled to resign because he admitted membership in the Klan. In Atlanta the acting head of the Klan has been indicted for using the mails to defraud. There are even new Klans being founded to purify the old. Thus, in Arkansas have been duly incorporated the "Knights and Ladies of America," laudably "proposed to checkmate, circumvent, circumscribe, and confine the operations of the One-Eyed Cyclops to the cave to which we assign him as 'caveman' of the mythical dark ages, and to save the State of Arkansas and the United States as a whole from the curse of the Ku Klux Klan."

For all this reaction the country fails to realize the political danger in this institution. Americans, unfortunately, like secret societies; our George F. Babbitts wear nothing so happily as a secret society pin. The craze for the Klan is sure to pass once more; it will break down because of its crudeness and the mercenary motives behind it. But the rise of Sentinels, Minute Men, Ladies of the Invisible Eye, with other organizations such as the Greater Iowa Association, and the Better America Federation of California, present a challenge to our institutions which none can afford to overlook. For their deliberate purpose is to impose class rule, and to enforce their social and political views upon the rest of us by threat or intimidation, by the power of secret organization, or by the might of big business. To the seizure of governmental control after the manner of Mussolini may thereafter be but a step.

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A Back Door to the League?

MR. HUGHES announces that the United States is to participate in the work of the International Court of Justice at the Hague, provided that a satisfactory method can be found of sharing in the nomination and election of judges without entering the League. Mr. Hughes seems to think that can be done, and we trust his lawyer's mind to solve the difficulties. Miss Grace Abbott, head of the Federal Children's Bureau, has been appointed "unofficial representative" of the United States on the League's Advisory Committee on Traffic in Women and Children. Dr. Marion Dorset, who is perhaps the leading American expert on anthrax and allied diseases, is to act in a similar capacity on the Anthrax Advisory Committee of the International Labor Conference, which is a part of the League machinery. And apparently another unofficial representative of the United States may sit upon the League's Opium Advisory Committee.

Does all this mean that the United States is sneaking into the League by the back door, that the Administration, recognizing that there is no hope of inducing Congress to walk straight into the League, is slyly creating a *fait accompli* at the rear entrance? That seems to be the view of the New York *World's* Washington correspondent, who concludes that the Irreconcilables, upon their return to Washington, will violently protest. We do not believe that the Irreconcilables will let the *World's* correspondent lead them into so simple a trap. He seems to assume that opponents of the League are opponents of all international action, and that they will fight a continuation of the historic policy of the United States in sharing in world-wide movements for social betterment. That is nonsense.

The menace of opium was considered at an international conference held at the Hague in 1911. The United States participated in that conference, signed the agreements there drawn up, and accordingly passed the Harrison anti-narcotic law in 1915. No one then suggested that such action was an infringement of our sovereignty or an abandonment of our historic opposition to foreign entanglements. Today the Powers which met with us at the Hague are meeting as an Opium Advisory Committee of the League. They have held an opium conference under the League's auspices. Such steps as may be taken to crush the opium evil will be taken through the agency of that committee and that conference. It would be absurd for us to refuse to recognize that fact because for good reason we do not care to join in the political work of the League. It would be as ostrich-like a policy as our refusal to recognize the existing governments of Mexico and of Soviet Russia.

Again, the United States in 1908 signified its adherence to an international treaty designed to suppress white-slave traffic, which had been signed in 1904 by representatives of France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, and other Powers. Shall we refuse to participate in the continuing effort to reduce an ancient evil because the good work is, for greater efficiency, today carried on under the aegis of the League? We may have criticisms to make of the structure of the League, and of many of its policies; that is no reason to sabotage it when it is carrying on good work in which we used to share.

So, too, with the International Court of Justice. The United States played a leading part in the development of the Hague courts before the war, our delegation standing in the vanguard at both Hague conferences. The new court is in large part the product of American thought; one of its ablest members is an American, John Bassett Moore, chosen both for his own worth and as a tribute to that American interest. To refuse to recognize the existence of the court would be to turn our backs on one of the most honorable traditions in the whole history of American diplomacy. It is not the ideal court we have hoped for, but we must nevertheless work with it.

The Nation was, we believe, the first journal in America to criticize the Covenant of the League. From the day when the first draft was presented to the Peace Conference in Paris it saw in it an organ for the execution of the dictated peace there being prepared, an undemocratic structure using a beautiful name to disguise enforcement of the selfish will of the victorious Powers. *The Nation* has opposed and still opposes American membership in the League, or participation in its political activities. But, as we understand it, it is the historic policy of this country not merely to share in but actively to urge international action in the world-wide fight against disease, against the social evil, against the drug traffic, whether that action is carried on under the auspices of the League or not. If the World Postal Union, or the Telegraphic Union, or the Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea, in all of which we share, should in time come under the wing of the League we might regret it but we should not counsel withdrawal from such indispensable work. The Irreconcilables will surely not be afraid of a back door to the League because continuance of American tradition happens to bring us into contact with commissions organized under the League.

Decentralizing Tax Machinery

WHEN a politician like ex-Senator Beveridge declares at the outset of a speech that the "reunited, rejuvenated, and revitalized Republican Party . . . is today the mightiest force in the form of a political party for the practical and constructive application of right thinking and sound principles now functioning in the whole world" one is tempted to cry out: What disgustingly hypocritical poppycock and rubbish, and throw the whole speech into the waste-basket. As it happens, however, this particular address does have within it some suggestions as to the reform of our tax machinery which are of real value. Our whole national tax system Mr. Beveridge describes as "centralization gone mad," in order to operate which "government agents, government accountants, government spies on business swarm over the land from the central nest in Washington." Years after an honest business man has paid his taxes, government agents walk into his office, delve into almost forgotten transactions, and then return to Washington. Months later, when it is practically impossible for the business man to meet the demand, he may be notified that he has been assessed an additional heavy sum which must be paid immediately. If he contests the decision he must deposit gilt-edge securities at once, pay thousands of dollars for the services of expert lawyers, and he is left in doubt for months, even years, as to what the outcome will be. Moreover, the dishonest taxpayer frequently profits by this system while the honest man suffers.

If on the other hand he asks Washington for an opinion

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as to whether a proposed action is correct or not, he receives a stereotyped form saying that the Government will pass upon no action until that action has been taken. Mr. Beveridge does not exaggerate when he declares that "the wonder is that, caught in this spider-web of centralized tax administration, American business men can do business at all." The common-sense remedy is, he rightly affirms, to decentralize our tax administration, precisely as is done abroad where, in Liverpool for example, all disputes are settled on the spot by local tax authorities.

But while we can all agree that decentralization is what is needed, that is not so easy to bring about as Mr. Beveridge seems to think. He believes that experienced, capable, and trustworthy accountants can be found in each city of the land who will be much more reliable than the political appointees now sent out from Washington, who often compile inaccurate and fantastic reports. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly ridiculous to believe that experienced and reliable accountants can be found to assume a public responsibility without being public appointees and a part of the regular civil service. It is a fact, of course, that the Treasury officials have themselves long recognized this need of decentralization, but the difficulty is that a competent and capable staff of administrators must be built up before such great authority can be placed in the hands of men a long distance from effective supervision, especially since varying decisions in different places would wreak havoc. To build up an organization comparable to the effective one which Great Britain possesses would mean that we should have to put an honest and competent official into every county in the United States—and we have only recently obtained a Federal Collector (usually highly incompetent) in every State of the Union. None the less Mr. Beveridge is to be thanked for pressing the issue because the problem will become worse and worse until it is honestly and earnestly grappled with. At present every business man is not only constantly harassed, but runs the risk of having his business jeopardized and himself, through no fault of his own, portrayed as a swindler.

Etiquette and Editors

WE try to be courteous, we are by nature gentle and kindly and considerate of the feelings of others, and our manners have never been boisterous. But we find that we have committed a thousand sins against the iron laws of etiquette. When we attended a suburban high-school we often consulted a staid volume called Hill's Manual. One thing we learned from it was that it is not good manners to feed the dog at the dinner-table. That rule we have shamelessly transgressed in private. We have enjoyed dogs as dinner companions more than we have enjoyed many of the animals who sit bolt upright in chairs. For that sin we do not apologize. It was deliberate, not the result of ignorance.

Later, as a literary diversion, we read the letters of Lord Chesterfield and profited much by his exquisite eighteenth-century style. "The perfection of good-breeding is to be civil with ease." Oh, excellent phrasing! But we have utterly forgotten many of the specific injunctions, and if we were thrown into a social milieu corresponding to that of young Stanhope, we should probably be guilty of intolerable gaucheries. That does not worry us. For we are not son of an earl, our social aspirations are modest, and our social opportunities are even more modest. What worries us is that we do not know the rules that many other commonplace people are learning or trying to learn. The advertisements of Mr. Doubleday's "Book of Etiquette," which is selling by the thousands and thousands, reduce us to a state of emotional and intellectual confusion. "Do You Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?" "How Many of These Blunders Do You Make?" We are ashamed to give an honest answer. We have done many of those embarrassing things and, what is worse, we were too stupid to be in the least embarrassed.

Mr. Doubleday's book is apparently intended for those who are trying to get from the lower middle classes into the company of the upper middle classes. We can't pass the examination. And we flunk completely in the course which Mrs. Price Post gives us in "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage" (Funk and Wagnalls). Hers is a post-graduate study for those who have passed Doubleday, for the upper middle classes who wish to go further and be at home among the real swells. She is the legitimate successor of the late Mr. Ward McAllister, who wrote about the Four Hundred. But there is an important difference. McAllister was an unconscious humorist. Mrs. Post writes with her tongue in her cheek—if etiquette permits a lady to make that lingual gesture. She must have been in gay mood when she wrote some of her "Blue Book." And she must have retired to her sitting-room (not her "boudoir") to laugh over the introduction to her book by Mr. Richard Duffy, which leads off solemnly with the Ten Commandments and Confucius, and asks us to "imagine the Paris Peace Conference, or any of the later conferences in Europe, without the protective armor of diplomatic etiquette." That does strain the imagination.

One part of Mrs. Post's book in which we, being literary if not polite, feel comfortably in touch with familiar matter is the chapter on words, phrases, and pronunciation. But even there we are lost. "None of the words and expressions which are taboo in good society will be found in books of proved literary standing." We suspect that if we tried in good society some of the words and expressions of, say, Urquhart's Rabelais, we should not be invited again. Or maybe we should get a special invitation to something superselect within the select. Then our author declares that we should never say: "In our residence we retire early (or arise)," that the correct form is: "At our house we go to bed early (or get up)." That seems to be good sense, simplicity, and plain English. But in high society the problem of getting up seems not to be so important as the problem of getting to bed. The rules for not putting your guests into the wrong room go deeper than Mr. Pickwick's naive accident. A hostess has, it appears, to be careful not to put a man and wife in the same room unless she "is sure beyond doubt that they occupy similar quarters when at home." The phrasing here is clumsy, but the social difficulty is more baffling than mere questions of style. And when we read that "A bathroom should never (if avoidable) be shared by a woman and a man," we wonder, from our poor middle-class experience—we have to wait for the other fellow to get out before we can bathe and shave—how these high-lifers live. But our wonder is pure intellectual curiosity untouched by envy. We are afraid that etiquette is too much for editors.

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These United States—XVI*

LOUISIANA: (Madame de la Louisiane)

By BASIL THOMPSON

A CLEAR and unimpassioned visualization of so unique a commonwealth as Louisiana becomes a complex and disquieting performance, especially when your raconteur is a native son not wholly lacking in sentiment toward his delightfully volatile soil-mother. Native-born Louisianians, Kentuckians, and Virginians, unlike native-born Georgians, Arkansans, and West Virginians, must of necessity retain some sly regard for the romantic, historic, and traditional foibles of their several *terrae matres*.

Madame de la Louisiane fairly screams romance. At once piquant, naïve, effete, blasé, and bumptious, she presents to her sister commonwealths more or less the same aspect that Mam'selle Nouvelle-Orléans, her capricious daughter, exhibits to her staider cosmopolitan brethren. Though her glitter, her arrogance, her superficiality, her little minauderies are beyond question, beneath the veneer one glimpses her true personality—elusive, coy, droll, if you will, but very real, quaint, colorful.

Madame de la Louisiane is woman and mother. Regard her thus. Only as woman and mother may one detect her authentic gesture—her history, sentiment, tradition, her odd little quirks of character. She is, moreover, "a woman with a past." But she is, too, a mother humoring the whims of her favorite child, Mam'selle Nouvelle-Orléans. Her whole life whirls about this elder daughter, whose manner and insouciance are inimitable; whose fame and dark beauty have gone the world around; who is not, despite all her extravagance, ever anything but herself. Let us consider her *en fête, en costume de bal*, arrayed at her best—as one should always consider lovely woman.

It is February. The air is crisp, clean, invigorating. You have just had an absinthe in the "Assassins' Den" of the Old Absinthe House. Monsieur Cazenave, on learning you are down for the Mardi Gras from Hoboken, Kansas City, or the Yukon, unbends graciously. He concocts for you an absinthe, cool, milky, satisfying. Your gullet titillates deliciously. You have another, this one frappéd by way of change. For the nonce, Mr. Volstead is relegated to the limbo of the unborn. You sip your drink dreamily, reminiscently. Shades of Paul Verlaine and Jean Lafitte! Where are you? Parnassus, Paris, or Nouvelle-Orléans? The last indubitably.

The hoot of horns, the cries of masqueraders intrude from the street below. It is Mardi Gras in New Orleans in the year 1922. There must be some mistake. You are dreaming. You are drunk. "L'addition, M'sieu?" Your reverie is disturbed. The bill settled, Félix, the garçon, offers you hat and top coat. You are out in the street—Bourbon Street at the intersection of Bienville. You walk toward Canal, surrounded by a riot of color and sound. The deliciously treacherous absinthe seeps into your brain. The day is rich, glorious; the air, tonic; the people, mad, young, wanton. . . .

A masked girl in cotton tights bumps into you. "Pardon, M'sieu," she laughs and is away. A ten-year gamin, in Charlie Chaplin make-up, notes your abstraction—"Hey, Mister, come out of it! Git in the push." He supplies the push. You are aroused. You look about eagerly, excitedly. You nudge your friend. You ply him with innumerable questions. "Rex" is making down Canal Street. Bands are playing. Club galleries gleam with pretty frocks and faces. A storm of confetti bursts upon you. The Carnival colors are everywhere. Buildings, windows, galleries, signs, banners, the people themselves blaze with color. It is a vital, an electric pageant, veritably charged with passion, imagination, beauty, madness. . . .

A slight picture. Ineffectual, if you will, but where else in all America may you glimpse it? And Mardi Gras Day is but one day in the year, and New Orleans but one section of Louisiana. None the less it is this carnival spirit that pervades New Orleans, and it is this New Orleans spirit that pervades Louisiana. Louisiana is New Orleans and, by the same token, New Orleans Louisiana. This despite great sugar and cotton plantations, the rice and sulphur industries, the oil fields, the timberlands, the salt islands, the big game preserves, the State capital at Baton Rouge, the "city" of Shreveport, the insane asylum at Jackson, and the protestations of upstaters.

Perhaps it were not amiss to rehearse here somewhat of the history of this *soi-disant grande dame* among States. Parenthetically one begs your indulgence a space wherein Madame's past is, one trusts, tactfully if not entertainingly, reviewed. In speaking of a lady's past, however, it seems not gallant to become personal lest, by the token, one also becomes odious. Thus shall be given over, for the time, Madame's femininity as such and her origins sketched in the broad, impersonal, though be it confessed, lack-luster manner of historiographers.

Aboriginally *locus* la Louisiane was a body of water, a geological sea. More late, a prehistoric dwelling-place for amphibious brutes, where primitive peoples built shell mounds to climb upon in high-water time. These mounds excavated today betray a certain native art, evidenced in rude bowls, earthen vases, stone implements. Later the Indians: some indigenous, like the Attakapas; some nomadic, probably from Mexico, like the sun-worshiping Natchez tribe; in all five or six groups, living each a community life.

The early roads of la Louisiane were waterways. The pirogue, a sort of canoe built for four, was means of transit from bayou to river and river to bayou. Wild fowl and buffalo served to victual the winter season. Fish and local crustaceans sufficed the summer. Fruit and nuts, notably the pecan, were plentiful. Corn was planted. Rice grew naturally. With nothing to do, with no need to go anywhere, with labor done by the women (days that are no more!) it was usually too warm or too rainy deliberately to make war, so even fighting, a pastime in the "Canetuckie"

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This is the sixteenth article in the series entitled These United States. William Allen White wrote on Kansas, April 19; H. L. Mencken on Maryland, May 3; Beulah Amidon Ratliff on Mississippi, May 17; Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, May 31; Edmund Wilson, Jr., on New Jersey, June 14; Murray E. King on Utah, June 28; Ludwig Lewisohn on South Carolina, July 12; Anne Martin on Nevada, July 26; Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, August 9; Robert Herrick on Maine, August 23; Arthur Warner on Delaware, September 6; E. E. Miller on Tennessee, September 20; George P. West on California, October 4; Zona Gale on Wisconsin, October 18, and Leonard Lanson Cline on Michigan, November 1.

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country, could not cajole these pre-Caucasian Louisianians out of their native indolence.

But the forest stillness of the swamp country, just below the mouth of Red River, was soon broken by the clanking armor of Hernandez de Soto's men. Moscoso buried De Soto in the waters of the Mississippi, and with the remnant of his conquistadores floated on a raft down past the site of Nouvelle-Orléans, putting out upon the Gulf of Mexico. The Spanish were not then seriously impressed with the somber, mossgrown wilderness of this future American commonwealth, and so did not formally include it except as an extension of Florida.

A century or so passed before Père Marquette and the merchant Joliet, followed by Robert, Cavalier de La Salle and Tonty of the Iron Hand, came down the river from Canada. The Fleur-de-lys was raised at the mouth of the Mississippi. The country, the entire valley from the Alleghenies to the Rockies of the West was, with much ceremony, named la Louisiane, after *le grand monarque* Louis Quatorze and his Queen-Mother, Anne of Austria. Thenceforward, we have recorded the familiar story of Louisiana.

After pioneering discoveries by La Salle came settlement by Iberville at Biloxi. The French King sent over ships and soldiers. Hardy men and women followed to hew wood, draw water, and procreate. In and about were the omnipresent Jesuits, lending first aid to the sordid lives of a people whose very existences depended on daily exertion and innumerable hardships. The story of the province of Louisiana—a French colony five months' sail from France; barely known to exist by the people of Europe; moving slowly onward; filling its requirements to the best of its abilities; taking lessons from its Indian neighbors in fishing and providing food; waiting ever for encouragement from the King—this chapter in the history of Louisiana was but one of desperate effort to survive flood, fever, and famine. Yet stout hearts prevailed and another generation was gradually born—the Creole, so dubbed in France. Here upsprang this new American breed, scarcely aware of the Fleur-de-lys, breathing the air of "freedom" and "liberty" along with their brethren—bird, bear, and Indian.

A ship came over in 1766 bringing from Europe a new Governor and a new flag. The King of France had handed over to his cousin, the King of Spain, the colony nominally cared for since the days of John Law. After the Mississippi Bubble had burst, the Province de la Louisiane ceased longer to interest the Court of Paris. The Creole at last had something to break monotony. He revolted. Cutting the hawser that held the Governor's ship to the levee, he sent word by the same ship as it floated to the gulf that, "We, the people, if no longer subjects of France, elect to be subject only to ourselves." Strange that a declaration arrived at in Mecklenburg and Lexington some years later should have been born down in the forests of the delta, still born, if you will, for the revolting group was executed in 1769.

Cession of Louisiana to the United States in 1803 affixed to the young republic more territory than all it had until this time possessed. From a chain of States on the Atlantic seaboard, whose farthest west was then the Ohio country, Oregon, Texas, and California alone remained to complete the vast bulk that forms the United States today.

If the condiments that go to make up the type now known as American depend on quantity and proportion of Caucasian blood, this Latin strain as diffused through the French and Spanish Creole forms a nice balance to the Swede and German of the West, and the New England and Virginia strains of Anglo-Saxon. Most persons should know, by this, that the Creole is Latin-American, a white man, and not, as sometimes vulgarly believed, *café au lait* French mulatto. In Louisiana the Creole is white. He is the direct descendant of the Spanish and French pioneer. The term in its original connotation implied a colonial Frenchman, one born in the colonies. But there are four distinct varieties of Frenchmen in Louisiana: the Frenchman, born in France, the Creole native of French descent, the San Domingan Creole, and the Nova Scotian Acadian or Cajan.

This Cajan is worth a word. In the Teche country—southern Louisiana—he preponderates, speaking a peculiar dialect or patois quite at variance with that of the Creole. In the towns of St. Martinsville and New Iberia this emasculated lingo is almost the common tongue, certainly *la langue de famille*. It is estimated that some fifteen hundred Cajans of those expelled from Nova Scotia settled in Louisiana. They now number one hundred and fifty thousand or thereabouts and for the most part adhere to their native speech. Of course, the Cajan and the Creole must not be mentioned in the same breath. The Creole is, in his kind, a cultured though somewhat decadent type; the Cajan, in his, a crude, ingenuous one. An interesting fact in connection with the French-speaking people of Louisiana is the publication, at the present time, of several purely French papers scattered over the State, and in New Orleans of two weeklies: *L'Abeille*, the earliest existing journal printed in the Mississippi Valley, and *La Guêpe*. These titles are not without significance but one cannot help but feel their sting has gone.

But I digress. When Louisiana came under American dominion in 1803 it included a great variety of new citizens, the majority French speaking, but all apparently eager to gain identity and cut away from European traditions. The battle of New Orleans proved an excellent baptism. From that time on until the Civil War a gradual Americanization took place. The Confederacy failing, Louisiana was to be born again. This time the process included the customary "sackcloth and ashes." Reconstruction, slavery abolished, brought the individual white man into action as an entity. He, of course, has remade himself, and recently, when our latest American army assembled, looking down the line there seemed but one composite face. Gray veterans of previous wars would indeed have had a difficult job to pick out the grandson of Johnny Reb—Cajan, Creole, cowboy, cracker, Hoosier, and New Englander, all looked alike.

Louisiana today! One pauses and ponders, withal a bit ruefully, Louisiana today! "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" Master Villon's cry, sounding down the ages, bemouthed and hackneyed as it is, was not more pat in his application than it is to the subject in hand. Where are the leaves of yesteryear? Where are the Louisianians of the past? The buccaneers, pirates, filibusters, scented quadroons, gentlemen duelists, starched Creole ladies, lordly planters, sugar barons, and impeccable barristers—the odd fish, the aristocracy of pre-Civil War days? Where are the clubs, the cotillions, the liqueurs, the fine old customs and courtesies of the past? What has become of Madame Macarty and Dominique You; Maspero's Exchange and the Théâtre d'Orléans; the Baron and Baronesa de Pontalba; the Carondelets? Where are the haunts of Lafitte, Hum-

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bert, Pêpe Llula, Croghan the Sandusky hero, Lopez, Walker, Walt Whitman, and Lafcadio Hearn?

What remains? A deal. The life, the spirit, the essence of Louisiana, what are they but heritage of the past? Louisiana is a Catholic State and New Orleans is a Catholic city. When we say Catholic we mean none of your invading, upstart, alien populations. The Catholic church is part of Louisiana, bone of her bone, moss of her oaks. Bigotry, that so afflicts some of our Southern and perhaps some of our New England States, is little known here, unless perhaps in the extreme north where pioneer "red necks" from South and North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia came in to settle. In southern Louisiana and New Orleans there is little intolerance, but an intense spirit of rivalry between the Catholic and Protestant elements, the rivalry of each trying to out-distance the other in the social, economic, and educational race. This last accounts perhaps for the recent gratifying reduction in Louisiana's illiteracy. By government census of 1910 she was rated the most illiterate State of the Union with 23.9 per cent of her population unable to read or write; but the census of 1920 shows a reduction of 7.1 per cent as against 1.7 for the whole country.

That Louisiana has produced little or nothing in the creative arts is a fact that can't be blinked. In poetry (quite amusingly) Adah Isaacs Menken—burlesque queen, "intimate" of Dickens, Swinburne, the elder Dumas, and Gautier; wife of Heenan the prize-fighter, "Orpheus C. Kerr" the humorist, and a brace of less noted husbands—despite her obvious extravagance and lack of technique for sheer dramatic interest tops the list. The Menken legend is certainly the most delightful in the literary and theatrical history of the State. In music the older heads cry up L. M. Gottschalk—a composer of ante-bellum days. In fiction George W. Cable, who has treated of the Creole in satirical vein, is as yet unchallenged. The Cable novels certainly rank first in the old-guard fictional output of our State. Then we have Grace King, not so much novelist as raconteur, charming in her kind. And then Professor Brander Matthews! who according to a native "has forsworn his birthplace after acquiring honors at Columbia University and environs." Our historians are sturdier. To Charles Gayarré goes the crown. His "History of Louisiana" has almost attained to the distinction of a classic. The late Dr. Alcée Fortier ranks perhaps second, though François Xavier Martin is conceded the sounder student.

Still, in the creative arts Louisiana has produced little or nothing. True, Walt Whitman, Lafcadio Hearn, Eugene Field, Degas the painter, and others sojourned, found inspiration for and accomplished some of their finest work in New Orleans. Yet where is our poet? and where our painter? and where our novelist? excepting the early Cable. And this in one of the most inspirational atmospheres in America. Sherwood Anderson, writing in a Southern magazine, says: "I proclaim New Orleans from my own angle, from the angle of the Modern. Perhaps the city will not thank me, but anyway it is a truly beautiful city. Perhaps if I can bring more artists here they will turn out a ragtag enough crew. Lafcadio Hearn wasn't such a desirable citizen while he lived in the 'Vieux Carré' . . . I am in New Orleans and I am trying to proclaim something I have found here that I think America wants and needs."

"There is something left in this people here that makes them like one another, that leads to constant outbursts of the spirit of play, that keeps them from being too confoundedly serious about death and the ballot and reform and other less important things in life."

The nomenclature of Louisiana, too, tells its story. The place names of New Orleans, the names of the parishes, rivers, bayous, towns, plantations, evince an imagination not perceptible in less Latin sections of the country. The old Spanish and French Creoles, men of sentiment and invention, named their thoroughfares and their mansions with the same feeling as they did their sons and daughters. Instance some of the place names of New Orleans—Elysian Fields Street, Madmen Street, the Rue des Bons Enfants, Mystery Street, Music Street, the Rue d'Amour, Virtue Street, Pleasure Street. There are streets named for the nine muses; for the great poets, musicians, philosophers; oddly named streets such as Craps (which pastime, by the by, had its incipiency in New Orleans), Bagatelle, Tchoupitoulas, Prytania, Lotus, Ophir; streets after saints, battles, generals, heathen gods and goddesses—streets with *names* not numbers or commonplace associations!

And the nomenclature of the rivers and the beauty of these rivers—the dark glamor of the Tchefuncta, the misty languor of the Bogue Falaya, the Ouachita, the Atchafalaya, the Vermilion. . . . And the mysterious bayous—Goula, La Fourche, Teche, Barataria. . . . Here I pause. The uncanny remoteness, the quiet, the peace, the sort of primal witchery of this little "no man's water" just out of New Orleans stings the blood like Veuve Cliquot or malaria, as you will—poisons you into forgetfulness. And the parishes! (Not "county" as in all the other States.) Here are some: Acadia, Concordia, Tangipahoa, Avoyelles, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, Calcasieu, Plaquemines, Rapides, Natchitoches, and many others as odd and sonorous.

Some years ago New Orleans earned for herself the metronym, "Paris of America." As Louisiana has been dubbed the Pelican State, the Arm-chair State (not out of tenor with the whilom proverbial lassitude of its people), the Boot State, etcetera; so New Orleans has been termed the Crescent City, the Pageant City, etcetera; but "Paris of America" sticks and will so long as American "liberty" and that child-like, festive, emotional temper of its citizenry permit. We are, those of us who are acclimatized, an emotional love-loving people. Though we are not by one-third or one-fourth of French descent, we have nevertheless subconsciously taken on habit and attitude of the Continental.

Thus New Orleans supported a legalized tenderloin long after the custom was taboo everywhere else. The restaurants, cafés, and cabarets of "befo' de war" (the recentest fracas, of course) exhibited an atmosphere distinctly un-American in every respect. Garçons were garçons and not waiters. The proprietor, Madame or M'sieu, cooked the meal. Politeness itself was smiled upon. Men grew tipsy in a perfunctory sort of a way that annoyed no one, not even themselves. An evening at the cabaret followed the burlesque show or the opera and the local cabaret lights sometimes seemed to outdo the imported performers. "Storyville," so named in honor of Councilman Story who arranged the matter, bloomed, boomed, and wassailed. Even "the dollar women" smirking from their "cribs" seemed not unhappy—in the old days. Row upon row of them in bright colored shifts ogling, leering, wheedling: "Come in bébé . . . be a nice boy . . ." The larger "houses"—Arlington's Palace, Piazza's, Lulu's, and the rest—loomed disdainfully above these lesser fry. One pictured as he passed the great mirrored salons; the old "madam," white haired, powdered,

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spotless (in the laundry allusion), the paint-smeared, puffy-eyed girls, and the "professor." Tom Anderson's at the one corner, Toro's at the next, the Tuxedo a block in, and so on—in the old days. A filthy mess perhaps, a dunghill of disease and immorality, but have we entirely done away with it? Driven it out? Can we? One wonders. Stamp it out in one place, it pushes up in another. Legislation is all very well and good, but legislation is—legislation.

What else? A state, viewed as the bird flies, very like any other State; fertile, well-tilled; combed with farms and factories; quick with gross, bustling, active humanity—typical one hundred per cent Americans, dulled by commerce and competition, deadened to romance and tradition, alive, apparently, but to covet and profit: hardy, stupid spawn, molelike, ferreting out existence. All of course according to one's slant. But what differentiates Louisiana, say, from Georgia? History, traditions, romance—the past.

Though Louisiana as a State today is very like any other State, New Orleans as a city today is very unlike any other city. For New Orleans, despite the recent ravages wrought by post-war propaganda, the Eighteenth Amendment, blue-sky laws, and modern office buildings, came through almost unscathed. Her identity, her individuality, her cap-and-bells quality seem as droll and native as ever. In fact, a sort of renaissance is now transpiring in her heart. The "old town" or French Quarter is being renovated, preserved to its former uniquity. Buildings toppling in ruins are being touched up much in the manner of Leonardo's "Last Supper" with sometimes, alas, like results. But the spirit remains, the old buoyant spirit of pristine times, and the Place d'Armes flanked by the Pontalba buildings, the Cabildo and Cathedral with its Presbytère, still remain to memorialize the Vieux Carré of the *ancien régime*.

Where in America will you find cheek by jowl examples of architecture that include the best traditions of the French Renaissance, the Spanish—Moorish and Colonial—as interpreted by a ship carpenter, and a pot-pourri of gaudy exotics, stemming from God knows what countries and eras? The rhythmic arts—music and the dance—have always had a home in this "Venice of the Gulf." The opera was here in 1796, before the birth of Chicago and San Francisco. And when New York had but a paltry two hundred thousand population, Nouvelle-Orléans was a sophisticated city with cabarets, coffee houses, bathing parties, dueling bouts, gallantry, and sportsmanship. The horse race, "two forty on the shell road," originated on the old driveway past Metairie to Lake Pontchartrain.

If present-day Louisiana has any claim to an individuality, a color, a note of her own, it is lodged unmistakably in this sport-loving, sun-loving, unquenchable spirit which was and is New Orleans. Mistress of chivalry, cuisine, and the dance; cosmopolis of legend, caprice, and motley; the Columbine of the cities—New Orleans!

New York City *will be the next article in the series These United States. New York State has been divided into two articles, one dealing with the city, the other with the rest of the State.* New York: I. The City—Work of Man, *by Ernest H. Gruening, will appear November* 29.

Gerhart Hauptmann

For His Sixtieth Birthday: November 15, 1922

By ARTHUR ELOESSER

LAST year I visited Gerhart Hauptmann in his villa above Agnetendorf in the Silesian Mountains. There the upland streams carry the snow-waters into the valleys to turn the wheels of the glass factories. From any point around Agnetendorf you can see the two high, pointed towers of a massive country-house of red brick. But when you leave the road to seek the house it vanishes. You follow a labyrinth of fir trees down winding paths. Then, suddenly, the house stands unexpectedly before you. It seemed to me a warning symbol. For my task was that of a biographer who must follow a poet into the secret hiding-places of his mind. And though I came there not in the name of noise or journalism but in the name of the history of literature, and though in addition Hauptmann and I were friends, yet the spiritual indiscreetness of my mission gave me a feeling of discomfort. I knew Hauptmann to be one whom one cannot question. To him the creative act is like the act of breathing. I could tell many stories concerning the unanalytical helplessness of German artists. In this respect, as in others, he surpasses them all. He speaks through his work alone. His genius is a force of nature.

There is repeated in him, strangely enough, something of the splendor and dignity of the aging Goethe. Speaking quite briefly, he opened his manuscript-safe. There were to be seen a great mass of plans, things half completed, all but completed—work enough for decades, symbols of his faith in his own longevity. It was prophesied to him when he was in Greece, when the fabled cuckoo called out to him a hundred times. Among these papers were dramas and tales, and epics in hexameters, and lyrical confessions in terza rima. Hauptmann's works demand long periods of gestation. Their spiritual chronology is difficult to ascertain. The length of time between seed and fruit varies in each case.

Before he closed the safe he gave me a manuscript in which he has told the story of his youth. I read the whole of it that night, though the night came at the end of a long evening over the wine he loves. That story is the story of his inner development; it is told with a quite frugal simplicity, an utter sincerity. Two sentences from this unpublished work clung to my memory at once. They stand not only for his youth but for his whole life. He writes that it was suffering, that it was pain, that first brought him the full consciousness of life. And in another passage he says that in each human soul there arises an Utopia; it grows as inevitably within as does the hair upon one's head. Thus it was two voices that called the poet—one of suffering and one of yearning, one of lament and one of consolation, a voice from the finite and a voice out of the infinite. The echo of these two voices is to be heard in each of his works.

Three months before his sixtieth birthday Breslau, the

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capital city of Silesia, gave a festival week in Hauptmann's honor. For ten days his plays were performed in three theaters. Even though it is true that not every play had quite the outer driving force of old, yet the occasion was, as a whole, truly festive and triumphant. What armies did Hauptmann summon for this victory? No armed men, nor knights, nor conquerors, nor romantic lovers such as those of the modern drama of France. The weavers came in the strange ecstasies of hunger, the German peasants of the days of Luther who are conquered by their overlords. Little Hannele died in the poor-house dreaming of the Lord Jesus offering her cake and wine in a heaven of childhood. Others appeared—betrayed girls, and men treacherously used, and disappointed fathers, and disinherited mothers, all with no better wisdom than their acquaintance with grief. This work of Hauptmann's flatters no power, no dream of force; rather does it recall the old, mystical notion that on the last day it is the humblest who will be our judge. In spite of Hauptmann's spontaneity and earthrootedness, the central tendency of his entire work is akin to that of the Gospels, though we must not, on that account, forget the flicker of sunshine, the dream of beauty; all that he calls Utopia. That shines on the horizon. This descendant of Silesian pietists has also the South of the world in his heart, the Greek innocence of the senses. His Christ has traits of Eros. His resurrection is no mystic miracle; it arises from the will of nature.

This weaponless man, this brave bringer of peace, was considered a dangerous person under the empire. Hauptmann is not fond of complaining. But he said once that the era of Wilhelm tried to stamp him as a kind of spoilsport. He was told that he added nothing to the support or glory of the state. One must not imagine that this official attitude ever caused him any real danger or tangible discomfort. The authority of the old state was far more limited than the war-myths asserted. Performance of "The Weavers," for instance, was for a few years forbidden. When a higher court—and this was the common process—reversed the silly decision, the attempted censorship only added to the final triumph of the production. "Hannele" was not permitted on the boards of a royal theater; another management was only too happy to produce the play. What was worse was that the nation was split into two camps. One camp lived by the aesthetics of the parade-ground, by a pinchbeck art, a pseudo-patriotic literature. On the other hand, art and literature that were independent, alive, and profound were taken over by the democratic citizenship, by the socialistic masses; they were made party-matters and thus elevated and degraded at once. A censored play was held to be necessarily a good play, a man who had come into conflict with the authorities necessarily a good man. Both assumptions were often far from correct. Under these circumstances Hauptmann was a power not among his people but merely in a public that consisted partly of the cultivated, partly of the politically disaffected, who wanted him as the leader of their particular kind of opposition.

A fundamental change has come over our life. The sword was struck from our hand by other swords, the shining armor is not only broken but discredited. When the Thirty Years' War left Germany almost dying, the pietist movement arose. People prayed instead of cursing and looked for the inner light. After this last war too many philosophers and theosophists and founders of religions went up and down the land with the cry: Let us save our souls. The old idols had fallen; new gods were sought. We need neither. We need a man. And it was in this hour of our need that our most human poet was discovered for the second time. He is not yet discovered by all. But by the best in the nation and especially by those among the workers who do not think the soul can be saved by Karl Marx alone.

"Wherewith shall we write, if not with the heart?" George Sand asked of Flaubert. Well, the heart has triumphed again and people are even beginning to observe that it is not a wholly unintelligent organ. Not till things fared badly with them did the people discover the profound anxiety over our national fate in Hauptmann's works. He was never a politician. He had a creative prescience of the catastrophe. The poet, who is also a prophet, had his ear to the earth. Now great crowds flee to him as to a refuge, to seek consolation, and courage, and a new consciousness of themselves. Thus Hauptmann has become the bearer of the republic's banner, the spiritual president of the state. He had never done anything but lent a voice to the dumb and the suffering. Recently he has been forced to speak otherwise than creatively. He is no orator; he will never be one. But his words, born in solitude, are often unforgettable. A year ago he spoke before the University of Vienna of Dante and of Purgatory, and he likened to Purgatory the present estate of his people. "Do not misunderstand me," he said. "When I speak of our purification I am not thinking of the grotesque performance of Versailles or of the Pharisaism used there. . . . Never has a great human tragedy been brought to its close with so cruel and degrading a farce. No, I do not mean the expiation and purification, the remorse and humiliation recommended to us from thence. These things concern us as little as would a mass celebrated by a tiger. A true inwardness must be ours, a profound spiritualization of life, in order to make arise again our stained and violated nationality, the stained and violated humanity of all men."

The man who spoke these words had nothing to retract of all his works, nor did he say anything he had not said before. He is still the youth who felt the pain of mankind to be his own and in whom there arose the Utopia of brotherly love by which mankind was to be saved. His works illustrate no program and send forth no manifestos; they have neither philosophical structure nor rhetorical sweep. They have a silent power over the soul. They last and grow. For true poems grow not on paper but in the hearts of men. Thus in spite of the mutual recrimination, division, self-laceration in this frightful crisis of Germany's national existence, this conversion to Hauptmann is a good portent for the future. The young republic which has adopted the freest constitution in the world, which desires to be democratic and socially constructive at once, needs Hauptmann's special sense of life, his vital warmth and intrepid heart—needs religion in the sense in which Walt Whitman desired to give it to his democracy.

When the festival week in Breslau opened the poet was welcomed and celebrated by President Ebert. Herr Ebert was a mechanic; he is of the folk. Yet he has an appreciation, rare among political men, for intellectual values and creative work. He knows that ideas are a power which no polity can neglect but to its hurt. The republic honored its poet with genuine love and admiration. By paying homage to his spirit and his heart it showed, at least, its aspiration toward both.

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Will There Be Peace in the Near East?

By LUDWELL DENNY

Constantinople, October 11

EVERYONE who has lived through the tenseness of this long week in Constantinople is afraid. You can't escape it. It is behind the doorways you pass, in the eyes that watch you, in the air you breathe. Talk with Turk, with Greek, with foreigners: the Greeks are killing in Thrace, the Kemalists are coming to Constantinople—if not tomorrow, in a week, in a month. Perhaps. Anyway, this is only one city. If its destruction could wipe out the conflicts and hates, cancel the revenge, destroy all memory of this war and others, the price would not be too great. Of course there is the peace conference. But——?

One reads the London and Paris papers. A person in the thick of massacres and refugees gets morbid; his judgment is not to be trusted. Perspective is needed. There is plenty of it in the foreign press—healthy optimism, robust faith in the League of Nations. Apparently little is left for the peace conference except writing down what has already been agreed to, the customary God-bless-our-unselfish-intentions, and all-round handshaking.

What has happened? Kemal has become a conqueror; Lloyd George has changed one of his minds again. Fortunately Kemal was fighting in a good cause and Lloyd George's latest policy permits the holding of a conference. But if the Turk military victory over Greece and the supremacy of French and Italian imperialist counsels over British are to determine the treaty, the result will be as impermanent and illusory as the victors' peace of Sèvres: Turkey will receive more than is justly hers; Russia and Bulgaria again will be excluded from the decisions upon which their future depends; racial minorities will obtain no more protection than the present helpless minorities in Central and Eastern Europe; France and Great Britain will bargain, the one which gets a free hand on the Rhine and Danube will give as much in Asia Minor; and the demilitarized roadway between East and West will be held in international trust by the neutral British navy.

Take the case of Eastern Thrace. It is remembered that Greece is the robber, but forgotten that Bulgaria is the robbed. Now, Eastern Thrace and Adrianople fall to Turkey. This is determined by her alliances with France and Italy, pressure of Moslem colonial opinion on the British Government, and Kemal's military superiority. Racial claims and strategic necessities justify the Turks' possession of Constantinople hinterland, but their inability to govern other races, the predominance of Bulgarians in the northwest area, seem to indicate that Eastern Thrace—not an economic unit—should be divided, Adrianople and the upper half, say from the Enos-Midia line, going to Bulgaria. That country, however, has neither delegates nor troops to establish her right.

Western Thrace is the test. The Allies in the Treaty of Neuilly, after dividing much of Bulgaria between Rumania and Jugoslavia, insured "economic outlets for Bulgaria to the Ægean Sea." But when they came to write the Treaty of Sèvres they traded Western Thrace to Greece. Greece will not willingly relinquish her conquest, especially since she has lost Smyrna and Eastern Thrace. Nor will compensation in the form of Cyprus satisfy her; that island is Greek in population, and she properly expects the British Government, whose battles she has been fighting, to cede it to her outright, not in trade for Western Thrace. The Powers, apparently, would turn over Western Thrace to the League of Nations. The Turks distrust the League and insist upon a plebiscite. Premier Stamboliiski, speaking for the unrepresented Bulgar majority, asks that the whole of Thrace be constituted an autonomous state. There probably will be long discussions at the conference; in the end Greece will retain Western Thrace—after all, the Greek army is there. But Bulgaria fought in 1912 to obtain this Ægean coastline which is essential to her economic life, and some day she will fight again.

If the Kemalist delegates are sincere and far-seeing, they can prevent a stalemate in which Greece retains Western Thrace. They could offer to transfer to Bulgaria, or to a "neutral" state in which she has special economic privileges, Eastern Thrace northwest of the Enos-Midia line, provided the Conference will add Western Thrace up to and including the port of Kavala. If, however, Kemal insists on holding Adrianople and the surrounding territory without plebiscite or negotiation, while demanding renunciation by the Greeks of their share of Thrace (which is what a plebiscite there amounts to), a deadlock at the conference is certain. The result will be a narrow, unsatisfactory corridor under the League, or, more probably, Greek retention of the entire district at the expense of Bulgaria and as a menace to Turkey. In either case there will be cause for future war.

The Kemalists stand on the theoretically unimpeachable principle of reciprocal guaranties, along the lines of the minorities treaties signed by the Danubian states. But the Powers are answerable to the popular obsession which they created for political purposes, that the Turk is more barbarous than the Armenian or Greek; they require special guaranties for the safety of Christians who must remain under Ottoman rule. In truth all Near Eastern races are equally cruel according to their provocation and opportunity, as proved by the recurrent massacres of Turks since 1919. The Moslem Power will not and should not accept discriminatory infringements of its sovereignty either on the capitulations or minorities issue. The Central European guaranties have been ineffective, and would be valueless in Asia Minor. Probably the Conference will end by handing over the problem to a special League of Nations commission. Such a commission may report upon atrocities, but it will never be able to prevent them. The Greeks have had their turn; there will be Turkish reprisals during the coming months. Until premiers and preachers realize that massacres inevitably accompany these wars—whether fought for God or profit—moralists will continue to be surprised and shocked by events in the Near East. The minorities problem, insoluble in semi-civilized countries, will be mitigated or intensified by the conference, not by the paper guaranties that the conference prepares, but by the kind of peace it establishes.

And that turns upon the Straits issue. Around the Straits have gathered the economic conflicts, political groupings, and consequent wars of the last hundred years. The task is how to assure for all nations the "freedom" of this inter-

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national trade route, which by geographical and historical accident lies within a single country, and at the same time to reconcile this with the safety and sovereignty of the possessing state. From the National Pact to the latest Kemalist pronouncement, Turkey accepts internationalization of the Straits, provided the Sea of Marmora and Constantinople are "protected from every danger." The issue arises only in time of war. Unless an international force controls the Straits, in war time Turkey will close them to her enemies. Unless Constantinople's military security is in the hands of Turkey, the future enemy will sever her head from her body. The Turk has provided for the safety of his capital against land attack by seizing the Thracian hinterland. But from naval attack? The Dardanelles fortifications, which defeated the Allies in 1915, are destroyed on the right bank and dismantled on the left; and no nation will permit Turkey to reconstruct these defenses. Kemal will demand reduction of the Greek fleet; he will demand for Turkey aeroplanes and submarines; he will demand "security"—and end by signing a treaty which leaves the British navy master of Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles.

Though the conscience of the Christian world is not troubled by Allied faithlessness to the Arabs it is uneasy over another promise—the Armenian national home! So victorious Turkey will be asked to give up several of her northeastern provinces to a hated minority. The temptation will be to bargain. The Allies may again conveniently forget "Armenia" if the Turks drop the subjects of mandates, Mosul, and oil. Yet if the Western governments should insist on carving an Armenia out of territory which has been Ottoman for centuries not only would Kemal refuse but the whole treaty and its respite of peace would be endangered. And there is a bolshevist Armenian state already existing. Even if Russia participates, the governments at this conference acting alone have no right to determine the sovereignty and destiny either of Armenians or Arabs, for whom no government present is the chosen or legitimate representative.

These are but aspects of the larger problem, which is the prevention of Western political and economic exploitation of the Middle East and other semi-developed territories. Must we wait for a league of nations that can and will restrain or outlaw the Powers which abuse its trust and prey upon helpless peoples? Naturally the atmosphere in Constantinople is one of fear.

Contributors to This Issue

BASIL THOMPSON is one of the editors of the *Double Dealer*, a monthly literary magazine published at New Orleans. He is a native of Louisiana, received his education there, and has lived the greater part of his life in that State.

ARTHUR ELOESSER was formerly dramatic critic of the *Vossische Zeitung* and is now editor of *Das blaue Heft*. He is the official biographer of Hauptmann.

LUDWELL DENNY is a correspondent for *The Nation* in the Near East.

ACHMED ABDULLAH is an Oriental scholar and a writer of short stories.

ERNEST BOYD is familiar to readers of the literary magazines as a critic of European literature.

In the Driftway

THE Cadbury Brothers' Chocolate factory at Bourneville, England, is a model plant. The workers are well housed and well paid and share in the management and profits. Nevertheless Mrs. Boeke, daughter of one of the firm's founders, received a fortune when she inherited 2,800 of the company's shares. The shares made Mrs. Boeke uncomfortable. She was the mother of six children and could probably have made use of considerable money in bringing them up but she felt she had no right to money she had not earned. She returned the income from the shares to the workers of the company, asking only that it be administered for social, international, and philanthropic purposes. Whereupon the workers urged Mrs. Boeke to take back some of the dividends in the interest of her growing family.

* * * * *

THIS is capitalism at its best. The Drifter has nothing but praise for both parties in the transaction. Assuming that any person has inherited large sums of money, he could not behave in a handsomer manner than Mrs. Boeke. It is probably ungracious of the Drifter to doubt whether any one should inherit large sums of money and he is willing to express his doubts in a whisper only to the persons who come and ask to hear them. He wonders if there will ever come a time when no one will think of inheriting wealth; when no one will think of designating an heir to his fortune; when, indeed, no one will allow himself to accumulate a fortune. Will there ever come a time when a man, upon discovering that his income far exceeds the sum necessary to support himself and half of his minor children (of course his wife will be supporting the other half, and the children who have passed their majority will be supporting themselves), will as a matter of course reduce the price of his product and increase the wages of his employees until matters are evened up again?

* * * * *

THE Drifter's communist friends will tell him, of course, that the man will not control the price of his product, nor will he have employees in the present sense of the word. He will be the captain of the ship and will be able merely to divide the profits of the voyage equally among the crew, keeping a regular share for himself. The Drifter wonders if such a system will ever actually be put into operation. He is not quite sure what he thinks about it except that he would like very much to be there when it happened. He wonders if at that time, assuming that men have repudiated the private control of capital and the division of society into employers and employees, they will also repudiate war—or if, when nations are forgotten, industries will fight each other, unable to resist pleas to make the world safe for, say, the fancy leather workers.

* * * * *

THERE is only one drawback about such a society; when men share peaceably in the production of goods and the pursuit of joy, interfering as little as possible with their neighbors and yet cooperating whenever cooperation seems desirable, will there, in this ideal state, be any need of a Drifter? Or will it be that, instead of drifting, that gentleman will have to go to work? Even the amber of the millennium is not without its fly.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

"Industrial Representation" in Colorado

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 16 appears an article by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., under the caption The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. May I be permitted to reply?

The company union, known as the Industrial Representation Plan, does state in its by-laws that there shall be no discrimination, but we have plenty of proof that they do discriminate against members of the United Mine Workers of America.

Yes, we have members working in their mines, where the company cannot do without them. In the 1919 strike a number of their mines were tied up completely and the majority badly crippled by miners striking. This also applies to the late controversy; two mines in one district and several in other districts were completely shut down, despite the fact that State rangers and State officials used all the means in their power to intimidate and drive the miners back. The company's own figures show a shortage of practically 1,000 men in July, 1922, over July, 1921, even after shipping hundreds of men from their Pueblo Steel Works to take the place of strikers in Huerfano County. The figures from the State mine inspector's office show an increase in production at some mines over the same month in 1921, but, based on the number of days worked, they do not show as much production per capita.

The plan is a failure because the employees cannot secure justice. The only reason it is in force is because the company is powerful enough to force it upon its employees. Only one vote was ever taken by the employees. They voted against the plan, but they were compelled under threat to vote again and in favor, many men refusing to vote.

A representative of the Federal Department of Labor called for an expression from the men assembled at the camps in 1919. The vote was practically unanimous against the plan and in favor of the United Mine Workers of America. Representatives of the Russell Sage Foundation made an extensive investigation at all the mines in 1919-1920; they promised an interesting report of their findings, but for some reason or other I have never heard of its being published. Why?

Why are old men past fifty years of age denied work by this company, after spending the best part of their lives working for them? Can the company deny it is because they had the manhood to strike for their rights? Does not the fact that the old wage scale was restored on September 1 prove that the men were justified in striking?

Pueblo, Colorado, October 3 FELIX POGLIANO,
Secretary-Treasurer District No. 15,
United Mine Workers of America

Stop Your Ceaseless Agitation!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No doubt exists as to your good intentions. But the incalculable harm your ceaseless agitation causes! And now the last straw—Harvard Student Opinion on the Jewish Question.

To one experiencing the workings of race prejudice, the hopelessness of seeking to destroy it by force and agitation is manifest. It has, you must know, no reasonable, but purely an instinctive basis—perhaps the desire for a feeling of superiority and a hatred for the unlike. I can see but one procedure that will alter these feelings—the unostentatious, un-self-conscious association of the Jew with the Gentile whereby the Gentile will learn that the Jew is much like himself, agreeable or distasteful to him because of individual, not racial qualities.

At Harvard fifteen years ago, I can personally vouch for the fact that such a situation existed, to the betterment, I believe, of all parties. I fear under force of numbers it no longer exists. Is not the lessening of "man's inhumanity to man" far more important than the maintenance of an abstract equality of any sort? Limitation may work in this beneficent direction. Of course it may be just a concrete expression of prejudice. In this case I do not believe it is.

I would that you could see the hopelessness and harm of the agitation, and drop the subject.

Banning, California, September 12 ALEXANDER STRAUSS

Trade with Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the present time the Russian Soviet Government is still effectively prevented from trading with individuals and corporations in the United States, in spite of the fact that American officials have been quoted as declaring that there is nothing to prevent ships from carrying American goods to Russia. It is none the less true that Americans have as yet no opportunity to trade with the Soviet concerns, for it would be ridiculous for the latter at this moment to make contracts in a country in whose courts they are not recognized. Experience has shown that while suits may be pressed against the Soviet Government in American courts, the Soviet Government may not itself prosecute, as the Soviet Government, officially, does not exist in the eyes of American officials. It is time that this condition should be terminated. The Soviet Government should be given assurance that its contracts will be protected in American courts, a procedure that would doubtless remove the chief obstacle in the eyes of Soviet officials against trading with Americans. There is only one way in which to give this assurance, and that is by recognizing Soviet Russia and inviting its Government to send a trade delegation to America. All persons interested in this consummation, by reason of the immense stimulus to American industries that would be imparted by Russian orders of machines and foodstuffs, should write to the State Department, Washington, D. C., in such terms as will give expression to their convictions on this subject.

The purpose of the National Labor Alliance for Trade Relations with and Recognition of Russia is to concentrate and to direct into the proper channels the existing sentiment for friendly relations with Russia. It is advisable that when a letter is sent to the State Department, a copy of that letter be sent to our office so that we may have a record of the number of letters that come into the State Department. If organizations, whether civic or labor, that have adopted resolutions demanding recognition of Russia will send us a statement to that effect, it will be of great help to our work.

New York, October 4 NINA SAMORODIN, Secretary

Both Ends for the Middle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Munsey's Appeal for Two New Parties misses the main question, as most of those do who discuss this matter. It is this, as I see it: Where shall the dividing line be drawn among the graded groups that begin on the one hand with the ultra-radicals and end on the other with the ultra-conservatives? Of course each of the end groups would like to draw it so as to include as many of the middle groups as possible. Mr. Munsey's division into liberal-conservatives and radicals would isolate the radicals and beat them. But the radicals would try to make the division liberal-radical and conservative, thus isolating and defeating the conservatives. I conceive that most of us are in the middle groups. With a new party alignment we should have the two ends bidding for the support of the middle, with the result that, as at present, most of us would follow a party allegiance that would be merely nominal.

If there is any way to unite the middle groups against the two ends they could have things all their own way. But the two ends are militant and we are most of us neutrals. This is the situation; why not recognize it?

St. Louis, October 16 ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

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A Handsome Pledge

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Fifteen thousand present subscribers to *The Nation* and 15,000 more subscribers needed! How simple! That means just one new subscriber for every present subscriber. Simple, indeed, and fallacious in the bargain! For, as we all know, a small proportion of us subscribe only to deride and a large proportion of us have that vague imponderable quality known as abstract interest, which thrills but fulfils not—enthuses but produces not—reads, enjoys, and then lapses into a kind of coma of perpetual good intentions. It is upon a relatively small proportion of us, perhaps 5,000 in all, that the task devolves. If there be 5,000 of us who truly admire *The Nation* and espouse the great cause for which it stands we shall get the 15,000 subscriptions. I pledge 100 new subscribers. Hundreds will get ten. Thousands will get one. *The Nation* will be independent of further assistance. It will stand on its own feet. Its effectiveness will be immeasurably increased and through it the forward-looking movements of our times.

Always courageous, fair, honorable, just, *The Nation* purposes to go on. Will it go forward because of us or in spite of us? As one of the subscribers I cannot but believe that a generous response awaits its appeal.

New York, November 6 Chester Jacob Teller

The Selection of Documents

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I note in your edition of August 9 a reference to Ray Stannard Baker's account of the Peace Conference now being syndicated. In it you refer to "the propriety of an individual making public his own selection (or a friend's selection) of documents which came to him by virtue of his official position." The question is a nice one in official morals; but if the service Mr. Baker is doing is open to moral question, he is certainly not alone in his offense. Leaving aside such publications of records as those made by Kautsky, Montgelas, Siebert, Marchand, and others, we have almost an exact parallel to Mr. Baker's undertaking in the series issued by Mermeix (Gabriel Terrail) under the general title "Fragments d'Histoire, 1914-19——." This private author without official position prints *in extenso* and apparently at will the proceedings of Allied Headquarters, the Supreme Council, and the so-called Supreme Council of the Allies. On the other hand, repeated efforts to secure the European publication of this material as official public documents have failed. Mermeix's publications therefore remain strictly selective, the selection apparently being made by interested possessors of the files. Mr. Baker has stated that he is working freely from the whole of his former chief's collection of papers.

Boston, October 22 Denys P. Myers

Profits in Shoes

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the article entitled Labor's Demand for Its Own Schools, printed in your issue for September 20, James H. Maurer gives as a typical question from a school arithmetic: "If a shoemaker receives $5 for making a pair of shoes and his employer sells them for $5.25, what percentage of profit did the employer make on the transaction?" Then he asserts: "The impression the student gets from such a question is that the shoemaker makes big money while the employer makes little profit," and he goes on to say: "Let us see how illuminating the same problem would be if presented in accordance with facts as we know them: 'If the material in a pair of shoes costs $1, and the workers in a shoe factory, collectively, receive $1.25 for making the shoes, and the shoes are then sold for $12, what percentage of profit did the employers of labor, jobbers, and retailers make on the transaction?'"

That a young child would get from either question an impression of anything beyond a mere problem in percentage, may be doubted. But when Mr. Maurer implies, as he does, that in the question as he puts it he has included all the factors necessary to determine the percentage of profit, I take issue with him squarely and assert that his statement is even more misleading than the one he cites for comparison. To make possible an answer that would tell the whole story, the presentation "in accordance with facts" would have to include the proper percentage of such items as yearly allowance for depreciation of factory buildings; repairs to buildings and machinery; royalties to inventors of machines used in making the shoes; cost of packages for shipping; cartage to railway; freight charges; the expenditures of the manufacturer, the jobber, and the retailer for interest on borrowed capital, for insurance, salaries of managers, bookkeepers, and clerks, stationery, and miscellaneous expenses; also their losses from bad debts and from depreciation of stock caused by changes in fashions; the local taxes and United States income taxes of all three; and last but not least, the rentals paid by the jobbers and retailers for their business premises.

Having no interest in the shoe business, either direct or indirect, I may have overlooked other items that should be included. That large profits are sometimes realized in business is undeniable; but the spreading of exaggerated notions of their prevalency does incalculable harm. If the shoe business is on any such basis as Mr. Maurer appears to think, why, one may ask, are not thousands hastening to take advantage of such a phenomenal opportunity?

Estes Park, Colorado, September 27 Frederick W. Gookin

So Would We

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The article entitled The Farmer and the New Tariff, in your issue of September 20, is illuminating. I would like to see that article in the hands of very many farmers, especially those of my section, which is a trucking locality. We are exploited to the point of starvation and desperation. Irish potatoes barely meet expenses and sweet potatoes are netting 40 cents a barrel, but the railroads, the barrel manufacturers, and the fertilizer company all get their same profits. Labor gets its usual cut prices, because the farmers have nothing to divide. What I wish to ask is, Cannot that article of yours be printed in circular or leaflet form for distributing throughout the country? How can farmers profit by your suggestion if they never read your article? And many farmers are not able to subscribe to *The Nation*. I will order a bundle and get to work.

Keller, Virginia, September 26 (Mrs.) George Custis

The Shipping Board's Money Losses

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Senator Borah says: "Let us have a referendum on the ship-subsidy bill"; but how are we to have an intelligent and fair referendum on this bill if a large number of the voters are misled by false statements and the truth is deliberately kept from them? The New York *Tribune* recently, in a leading editorial headed Stopping Shipping Losses, made statements which it says "approximate the truth" but which in fact are palpably incorrect. The *Tribune* says the ship subsidy "would draw from the Treasury approximately $8,500,000 per annum." That figure is so grossly incorrect that I marvel the *Tribune* could use it. Chairman Lasker, when he appeared at the recent hearings of the Joint Congressional Committee, was compelled to admit, under the cross-examination of Representatives Davis and Hardy of that committee, that the ship subsidy would cost the taxpayers over $50,000,000 per annum and would increase each year. Senator Fletcher in his speech before the Senate on July 18, submitted a very conservative and detailed calcu-

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lation of what the ship subsidy would cost the taxpayers each year. It totaled "$72,750,000, besides other possible and contingent benefits" that shipowners would receive. Representative Davis in his report on the testimony before the Joint Congressional Committee put the annual cost to the taxpayers at more than $75,000,000.

Referring to the present losses of the Shipping Board, the *Tribune* says: "The direct operating loss on the 437 vessels now on the active list is somewhere in the neighborhood of $40,000,000 a year"; and it adds: "It is not far from the truth to say that the [present] cost to the Treasury is four times greater than under the proposed subsidy system." As a matter of fact the subsidy will impose upon the Treasury a burden of more than double the present losses of the Shipping Board. But these present losses are totally unnecessary and could be stopped instantly if the Shipping Board so desired. They were contrived for the double purpose of looting the Treasury and discrediting the legislation that created the Shipping Board, which provided for a government-owned and government-operated merchant marine.

When the Shipping Board in 1918 first devised the operating agreement under which its vast fleet, which has cost the taxpayers over $4,000,000,000, was turned over to certain private operators (instead of the Government itself operating its ships as was and is done by other governments, notably the governments of Australia and Canada, and even our own Government in the case of the Panama Steamship Company) I pointed out to the President and to members of his Cabinet and to Congress that the method of operating the Government's ships that the Shipping Board had instituted would result in colossal frauds and losses to the taxpayers. The records of Congress contain my testimony bearing upon this given before several committees of both houses of Congress. But nothing was done.

Shortly after Mr. Lasker was appointed chairman of the Shipping Board he confirmed what I had been shouting from the house-tops regarding these operating contracts. He said to a committee of Congress before which he appeared that these operating contracts were "infamous"; that "if the purpose had been to defraud the Government and to conceal these frauds from the Congress and the people, no contract better calculated to accomplish this could have been devised."

Yet, strange to say, Chairman Lasker has not wholly abolished this contract. The present annual loss of $40,000,000 from the operation of the Shipping Board ships—to which the Board points so gleefully at every opportunity—is incurred solely as a result of this modified operating contract, and this loss could be instantly stopped if the Shipping Board would turn over to the highly successful government-owned and government-operated Panama Steamship Company or the now highly successful government-owned and government-operated United States Lines, the 437 ships it is now operating through private operators under these contracts. Not only would the loss be stopped but the ships would be operated at a profit, as are the ships now being operated by the two government steamship companies.

It is quite impossible to get these fatcs before the people except through a few publications, *The Nation* being one of them.

New York, September 15 PHILIP MANSON

Selbstkritik

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read your paper with the greatest interest, and several friends read my copy when I get through with it. But your sharp criticism of conditions in your country does not lead us to value your country any less. On the contrary, we marvel that it brings forth so much self-criticism. Our fatherland is weak in that today. A fulsomely patriotic press has never increased the estimation of any country abroad.

Berlin, Germany, September 18 RICHARD NEUTRA

Books

Misrepresenting India

New Cambridge History of India. Vol. I—Ancient India. Edited by E. J. Rapson. Macmillan Company. $7.

THERE exists a type of academic mind which soaks itself in facts as a sponge drinks water. Press the sponge, and the water squirts out, a little more muddy, a little more stale. Press the academic mind, and we have for instance the first volume of the "New Cambridge History of India," dealing with ancient India from the pre-Vedic twilight to the end of the Pahlava suzerainty. If you look for data and facts—and facts, without correct interpretation, are often synonymous with lies—neatly marshaled and labeled, you will find them here, every last one of them, excellently printed, superbly indexed, soberly bound in chaste bottle-green. You will be able to look up these data and facts as you would a proper undertaker's name and number in the Telephone Red Book. Both books are valuable for the "trade."

This History of India is as platitudinously impressive as a Methodist bishop. It reaches that apex of good breeding: a complete vacuity of soul. It is filled to the brim with the common-school logic in which all the truths stand one behind the other, holding each others' tails. It is studded with great and shining jewels of Chautauqua Kultur. It is as inspiring as the rule-of-three, a little less so than a problem in abstract dynamics. No miracle of Indian achievement—achievement in the days when the Anglo-Saxons painted their bodies blue and confessed to a *penchant* for human flesh, cooked plain—can stand up before its withering patronage, unless in some way, more often by crook than by hook, it can be traced back to Arya influence. The influence may be that of early Arya infiltration in Vedic days or that of the latter-day Arya invasion under Alexander the Great, that alcoholic and vainglorious Greek highwayman, the direct spiritual ancestor of all the latter-day European philanthropists who believe in carrying the White Man's Burden as a hundred per cent profit on the investment, with assurance of having heaven thrown in as a stock bonus. There is nothing its writers, a dozen of them under the supervision and guidance of Professor E. J. Rapson, M.A., have not read, reread, examined, indexed, and cross-indexed, from Lüders and Wackernagel to Oxford-Müller, from Crooke to Winternitz, from Elphinstone to Ramaprasad Chandi, from the Rig-Veda to the driest reports of the Honorable John Company. It follows safely, if not sanely, in the footsteps of a half hundred similar Indian histories and cyclopedias.

It may be *lèse-majesté* to speak unfavorably of anything conceived at Cambridge, Oxford, or Harvard. I realize perfectly that I should be investigated by the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan, the Ellis Island authorities, the Attorney General's office, the Near East Relief field agents, and the Brooklyn Board of Fire Underwriters. Still to me the very title of the book sounds too respectable, too well bred. Dealing with ancient India, with one of the most glorious phases of Asian civilization, it is too Anglo-Saxon. It is not so deliberately, but instinctively, which is the more naive, therefore the more dangerous, form of prejudice. It looks at the great peninsula through blue spectacles. These spectacles are eminently well-fitted, eminently practical. But they focus wrong when used to look beyond Boston, Regent Street, and the pleasant Downs of Sussex-by-the-Sea. The psychology of the writers remind me of an ancient Behari proverb: "God made wisdom of three parts and a half, of which the half went to the world, the rest to one man." And, where the book makes reference to the Vedas, I might quote another Behari proverb: "Little was written by the poet Tulsidas, but a great deal was added by the commentators."

More by inference than by direct statement the book, here and there, makes once more of the Arya a wonderful demi-god

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and a noble and high-minded conqueror. And may I, in this connection, remind Professor Rapson that the Sanskrit word for war means literally a "desire for more cows"? I never realized that the desire for more cows could be interpreted as high-minded nobility.

Again, by inference, the book tries to prove that these "more-cows-desiring" Aryas (and how history does repeat itself! Consider the Occident's recent and less recent cow-desiring Oriental policy) were the Lord's own anointed, the original vessel of everything fine south of the Himalayas, that, while they put the brand of their hegemony upon the aborigines, they "civilized" them, straightened them out spiritually, financially, and sartorially, and left a lasting impression upon them for all time to come.

Now, what is the truth of this? Is it not a fact that the very Vedas, those chronicles of ancient and lying Arya conceit, speak of intermarriages between the invaders and the original lords of the soil of India? The caste system was not a bright invention to put a stamp of inferiority on the conquered aborigines, but it is the outcome of a slow, evolutionary process, helped by the machinations of Brahmin priests who wished to preserve the profits arising from their sacerdotal profession within a restricted circle of families, and who increased their ranks and influence by drawing recruits from the priests of the aboriginal tribes, although the latter worshiped a different brand of idols from those of the invaders. Is it not, furthermore, a fact that the Aryas were absorbed as completely by the "inferior" races whom they conquered as the Normans were by the Saxons, the Saxons and Normans in Ireland by the Celts, and the Mongols of the Horde and later on the Manchus by the Chinese?

Yet the book is labeled "New." It is not. It is a mere rehashing and redigesting of old fallacies and prejudices. A new history of India would, basing itself upon facts, interpret these facts truthfully and fairly, without racial or "civilizational" prejudice swinging one way or the other. To choose an example, it is useless to state, as does the Cambridge volume, that to the Greek the beauty and intellect of man was everything, that the apotheosis of this beauty and this intellect remained the keynote of Hellenic civilization even in the Orient, and that these ideals awakened no response in the Indian mind. Now, why should these Hellenic ideals awaken a response? Will it ever dawn on the Arya mind, of Cambridge and elsewhere, that its standards are not necessarily the standards for all the world? To me, for instance, and to a great many other Oriental artists and scholars, Hellenic civilization, Hellenic art, is the apex of soulless, fleshed stupidity; to us the Venus of Milo is a rather ugly and vulgar mass of female meat without brains, without beauty of any sort; to us the Apollo Belvedere seems like a highly-glossed and brainless Regent Street shop-walker; to us there is more beauty and more intellect in a pair of Fo dogs of the Kang-he dynasty and in a *sang-de-bœuf* vase of the Yung Ching period. It is all a viewpoint; and history should not be a viewpoint, but a truthful interpretation of a variety of viewpoints.

The Cambridge History in its account of India in Arya and pre-Arya days bases itself largely on Arya monuments and Arya chronicles. Would it be fair to write a history of the Roman Catholic Church in America by basing it on the reports and pamphlets of the A. P. A., a history of Charles Parnell by basing it on the contemporary files of the London *Times*, or a history of the I. W. W. by basing it on the recent comic articles in the Boston *Transcript*? The Vedas were biased, quite naturally. The Vedas call the earlier Indian tribes *dasyus*, which is the Sanskrit for enemies. They abound in scurrilous epithets for the aborigines, calling them "disturbers of sacrifices," "gross feeders on meat," "raw-flesh eaters," "lawless," "godless," and "without rites."

Yet, later on, when praising the prowess of their own race, they make much of the pluck and shrewdness and warlike achievements of these same aborigines, speaking of their "seven castles" and "ninety forts." The Vedas are filled with stark racial prejudice and conceit. So is the "New Cambridge History of India."

ACHMED ABDULLAH

South Americans All

Brazilian Literature. By Isaac Goldberg. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Ariel. By José Enrique Rodó. Translated by F. J. Stimson. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

IN the literary relations between the Old World and the New there is a curious difference which marks off the Latin countries from those whose language is English. In the latter England and her literature dominate; in the former Spain and Portugal are scarcely more than a vague background. This situation is most strikingly illustrated in the work of the critics and literary historians. If one were to take away from the United States and Canada the critical literature dealing with indigenous letters in those two countries, the loss would be slight. So far as Latin America is concerned the position is the reverse, for where there is one book on the literature of Spain, there are twenty on the literatures of the various countries of Central and South America. Neither in English nor Spanish is there a really satisfactory volume on contemporary Spanish literature, but the whole field of South American literature is thoroughly charted, histories and monographs and anthologies abound, and nobody need go far for guidance as to whom and what to read from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. In short, while the English-speaking countries are more preoccupied with the mother country, the Latin peoples are deeply engrossed in themselves.

Mr. Isaac Goldberg is an indefatigable cooperator with his South American colleagues in this task of making known the literatures of Latin America. To those who cannot consult the native oracles he performs the functions of a liaison officer. His "Studies in Spanish-American Literature" is a trustworthy and comprehensive guide, which compares so well with anything the Spanish Americans themselves have produced that it has already been translated into Spanish. Now he comes forward with a complementary volume on "Brazilian Literature," which does for Portuguese what he has already accomplished for Spanish. In this case, however, as the subject is more limited, Mr. Goldberg is able to give a complete outline of the history of Brazilian literature from 1500 to the present day, dividing it into four periods: Period of Formation (1500-1750), Autonomous Development (1750-1830), Romantic Transformation (1830-1870), Critical Reaction (1870-1900). The second part of the book is given over to a series of essays on representative Brazilian writers: Castro Alves, Machado de Assis, José Verissimo, Coelho Netto, Graça Aranha, and others. Thus we have a survey such as does not exist in English of Portuguese literature, which fares even worse than Spanish. Yet, Eça de Queiroz alone seems to me a more striking literary figure than any of his Brazilian contemporaries. Aranha and Netto are the only two whose representative work has been translated into English or French, whereas Eça de Queiroz is a novelist of European fame, who has been translated into several languages.

Aranha's "Chanaan" first reached the outside world in 1910, when the French translation appeared, and it was received with extravagant praise, as Mr. Goldberg himself points out. Its appearance in English three years ago did not create the same enthusiasm, and that appears to be the fate of many South American writers when seen in a wider perspective than that Colonial horizon on which they loom so large. Even Rubén Darío, the greatest of them all, cannot mean very much to foreigners unacquainted with the language in which he wrote. Next to Darío the most notable Spanish-American writer is José Enrique Rodó, whose "Ariel," written twenty-two years ago in Montevideo, has now been translated into English. When this noted Uruguayan died in 1917 Havelock Ellis wrote an essay on him which was the first adequate ac-

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count of him to be published in England, and if we add to that the chapter on Rodó in Mr. Goldberg's "Studies in Spanish-American Literature," there exists little else on the subject in English except passing references. Both critics are warm in their praise of him, and in this they agree with the host of Rodó's Spanish and Spanish-American admirers. What, then, will be the response to "Ariel," which brings Rodó within reach of the great English-speaking world?

Some hint of the answer will be found in the mere outline of the thesis of this little book. As the title indicates, Rodó is the champion of Ariel against Caliban, of beauty and freedom against ugliness and materialism. An old master has gathered his pupils about him for the last time, and he proceeds to give his charge to youth, an eloquent dissertation on the advantages of idealism as the working philosophy of a young nation. The awful warning is the United States, where utilitarianism is rampant and only material success is recognized. The "Yankee Peril," as Rodó sees it, is not the political domination of Latin America by the United States, but the intellectual domination by crude American ideals of the Latin races in the New World. He draws a picture of the virtues of Uncle Sam which, in the light of harsh economic facts, is a more ghastly mockery of this country than the vices which he enumerates. The dignity of labor, the sovereign rights of the individual, the integrity of personal liberty—these are the characteristics of life in these States as imagined by this innocent Prospero, who complains only of the North American indifference to beauty, the absorption in practical affairs to the exclusion of aesthetics!

It is perhaps a sad irony of literary history that this "intellectual breviary of Spanish-American youth" should be revealed belatedly to a world grown uncommonly impatient of beautiful generalizations, and acutely aware of the folly of ignoring economics in the destiny of men and nations. Emerson and Ruskin have long since provided us with statements of the case of Ariel versus Caliban, and Rodó in English cannot add one paragraph to their briefs for the plaintiff, Beauty. When he turns prosecutor and arraigns the culprit, his indictment so obviously lacks all knowledge of the fundamental facts of the case that this disenchanted and disillusioned epoch will be moved to smiles rather than indignation. José Enrique Rodó undoubtedly had a finer conception of Americanism than Attorney General Daugherty, and his prose style—here not unfairly rendered by the translator—is a vast improvement on President Harding's. Yet his preachment is none the less inadequate to the plight of a world in transition. ERNEST BOYD

Behind the Bars

Wall Shadows: A Study in American Prisons. By Frank Tannenbaum. Putnam's. $2.

ON stepping aboard a ponderous, battered Australian convict ship, on exhibition in New York harbor, the curious visitor was seized upon by a garrulous sailor, and was shown the body-racking "iron corset," the slashing cat-o'-nine-tails, the foul, black cells where the prisoner, unable to sit, stand, or lie down, waited in agony, until either death or the keeper unlocked the door. Finally as the climax of his oration, the seaman declaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen! Of course all this happened over a hundred years ago. The good people of Australia revolted at the horrors before your very eyes, and the system was ended. Such things aren't done in prisons, nowadays."

The same curious visitor reads Frank Tannenbaum's intimate study of American prisons. That convict-hulk guide was an optimist, an ignoramus, or a superb liar. For in "Wall Shadows" the penitentiary of the twentieth century is found to be the land sister of this century-old ocean monster; nothing is changed, the sickening floggings, the hideous cages, the smells of the beast. The cruelty, the misery in Mr. Tannenbaum's book is appalling.

The exhibition of the old sea-inferno seems to have been very successful financially. Why not, in similar fashion, throw open the prisons to the public, Saturdays and Sundays, and for fifty cents a head let the pleasure-seeker gaze in wonderment at frantic convicts tearing their clothes to escape vermin; boys receiving 181 lashes at the whipping-post; men handcuffed to doors or cast away in reeking oubliettes. Surely here is an opportunity that the politician, anxious to reduce the State tax rate, cannot overlook.

Count! Count! Count! On awakening, on eating, on working, on retiring, these walled sheep are numbered off by the torpid but watchful herder "like a miser hovering over his jingling coins." Individuality a crime; to think, treason. Religion by the time-clock, going to church "by the numbers." An account of this provides the most amazing stupidity recorded in the volume. The men, arms folded, march into the chapel. The guard stamps his heavily loaded cane. The convicts stand before the pews. The cane is again let fall. The men sit. Another crash of the cane. The prisoner's arms fall to their sides. With what spiritual fervor must these pariahs have chanted, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The parallels between military life and that in these dreary steel cities are startling. Brutality, at first unwilling, then stolid, as the fear of those "on top" first conquers, then dulls the feeling of him who wields power; the strange isolation from the world outside; the submerging of the good, the ascendancy of the base; the ignorance of those who command; the quick response to him who knows kindlier methods than clubs.

"This is hell, and I am the devil!" Thus the arch-fiend, the keeper of a prison "cooler," designates his domain and himself as he hurls buckets of water into the cells of his charges that on the streaming floor their misery may be increased. This same degenerate it is who frightens away the birds chirping in front of the barred windows, for fear the sound might bring momentary joy to those behind.

Always in the delineation of his somber characters and their actions Mr. Tannenbaum is simple, vigorous, incisive. To "the good people of Australia" and America, who believed that torture of society's outcasts had long since ceased, will "Wall Shadows" be a ghastly book, an alarming book, even though the author offers a remedy. For in quiet but powerful protest it is the revelation of a negative miracle, the miracle that all men in prisons do not go mad. BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Americanization

Aspects of Americanization. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Stewart Kidd. $2.

NO phase of our national life has inspired so much "damned crinkum crankum," to borrow Byron's phrase, as that which Mr. Bierstadt treats in "Aspects of Americanization." It seems that out of the nonsense of the past few years—or in defiance of it—there is now emerging a literature both intelligent and sympathetic. The series published by Harpers last year and still in process of publication, including Daniels's "America via the Neighborhood," Speek's "Stake in the Land," Parks's "The Foreign Press," approaches the immigrant and his place in our country sanely and helpfully, without a shade of the hypocrisy to be found in many books about the foreigner.

Mr. Bierstadt has produced a book built upon several years' work with immigrants. Although his American ancestry extends back some two hundred years, he is not fearful that the country will be imperiled by the presence of foreign-born citizens, and he refuses to accept Mr. Palmer's premise that all Russians are red and all meetings of foreign-born citizens dangerous. He points out the damage done by an after-war hysteria directed against a foreign population which had responded quite marvelously to the demands of the war. He shows the operation of the present immigration law, the state of immigrant education, the influence for Americanization of the foreign press, and the efforts of the immigrants themselves to come to an understanding of American life.

Through his association with the Foreign Language Informa-

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tion Bureau, Mr. Bierstadt is most interested in the possibilities of work in the language of the immigrant. In spite of an insistent cry for compulsory learning of English and for the restriction of the foreign press, the Bureau has continued to work intelligently to reach in their native languages millions of people who are unable to read our language with facility, or who are so recently come that they cannot yet read it at all. The foreign press has within the last few years been able to give its readers more news concerning American affairs, largely because the Foreign Language Information Bureau has acted as liaison officer between the government and the foreign press, translating and issuing official statements, keeping the immigrant in touch with national interests, especially as they affect his welfare.

Even those who oppose any more lenient immigration law than the existing one realize the need of bringing the immigrant into closer relation to American life. This can be done only by using the medium that is available—the native language. The immigrant, speaking through Riis and Ravage, Antin and Rihbany, has gone to considerable pains to make his life and difficulties known to us in English. Yet Americans have shown only the slightest interest in translating the authentic spirit of the country to foreigners during those first months of residence when they are most eager to learn and when their only medium is their native language.

Mr. Bierstadt advocates the foreign press as an interpreter. So it has been for millions of people. It can be, and usually is, informing. Yet it is necessarily journalistic and hasty. It sometimes attempts to penetrate into the spiritual forces of America by running serially books that reflect national life. But there is still pitiably little available in the literature of the foreigner to give him an insight into our bewildering new world. The public libraries are constantly embarrassed and thwarted in their work with foreigners because they cannot supply in Italian and Yiddish and Russian—the languages most used by present-day immigrants—books that give a picture of American life. These languages are weak in American history, biography, travel, readable explanations of government. Muzzey's "History," Garland's "Son of the Middle Border," Frank's "Our America," Charnwood's "Lincoln," Shaw's "Story of a Pioneer" are instances of the kind of translations needed. It is a field of service that we hope the Foreign Language Information Bureau may find it possible either to enter or to encourage.

ESTHER JOHNSTON

Abel Hermant's Trilogy

L'Aube ardente. La Journée brève. Le Crépuscule tragique. By Abel Hermant. Paris: Librairie Alphonse Lemerre.

IN volume VII (1887) of "Journal des Goncourt" is an entry to the effect that two men had been at the Grenier discussing a possible duel between Abel Hermant, a young novelist, and the officers of his regiment. The young novelist's offense was a *roman militaire*, "Cavalier Miserey." It is a masterpiece of its kind, a challenge to the whole naturalistic school that reality is one thing in art and realism another. Anatole France said the novel should be burned. Several decades have passed and M. Hermant has kept at his art. He has not in any of his later novels repeated the severe manner of his early masterpiece. "La petite Femme," for instance, might be burned by an Englishman for its impudence. M. Hermant, like other French novelists, has now reached the novel of several volumes. The generic title "d'une guerre à l'autre guerre" suggests another *roman militaire;* its several titles suggest the symbolical biographic manner of Romain Rolland. M. Hermant's trilogy is neither of these. It will cause no duel; it is no new version of "Jean Christophe." It is a novel for novelists to think about, a futuristic piece which may stir discontent with a slavish copying of life instead of molding a bit of it to the heart's desire.

This futuristic novel is like all new things very old. It is a return to Plato, a dramatic, humanistic treatment of some essential concerns of life. What thinking shall a man do to be finely human, and how is a mind nourished if not by the ideas it feeds on? There is the idea of war and peace. M. Hermant has spared us a conventional war novel and given us instead a new internationalism. Philippe Lefebvre is happily situated, a Faubourg St. Germain youth, not a conscript but a volunteer, too young to resist the German invasion of 1870 but old enough to remember it. Free to mold his own life he goes to Oxford. A copy of "Leaves of Grass" falls into his hands; not only that, he meets Whitman, an exile established in his own Paumanock House, Whitman sowing comradeship among such varying types as Philippe of France, Tintagel of England, Lemlach of Germany. They with others of every social grade gather about the Maître, much as young American and young Englishman group about Whitman in his Camden days. There is much in the Whitman motif which the American reader would like to argue with M. Hermant. Why a pseudonym for Whitman or for his book, why a daughter for Whitman who needed none? Why a drama of Whitman to prove that Whitman is inartistic? The Whitman motif in the main, however, is worthy and plausible. Whitman himself was rich in invention and he would rejoice to see himself in the midst of youth inspiring them to comradeship, bearing for them the torch at the burning dawn of life.

He would further rejoice in the beautiful second volume, "La Journée brève," in which his soul marches straight into the literary Paris of Edmond de Goncourt, Daudet, and Zola, and with Philippe for sponsor, in a new type of romance, is made the Socrates to his own ideas. Here the American reader wishes M. Hermant had given this glorious idea more substance and conviction. As in most novels in which a book is protagonist, the book itself is not fully realized. M. Hermant plays round his Whitman in the form of Plato's Banquet but we get more of the accidentals of the book—printing, proofreading, etc.—than its contents. Nor is the Nietzsche portion of this peace and war idea satisfying. Nietzsche is a poet as well as Whitman. To repeat against him the irresponsible propaganda of the war as the Mephistopheles of Germany is not worthy a great idealogue. But the beauty of this second volume lies wholly away from either Whitman or Nietzsche. Its theme is essentially Wordsworthian, a theme so gracious, so alluring, that one wonders why it is not more general in fiction:

> "A child, more than all other gifts
> That earth can offer to declining man,
> Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts."

Paternity as a passion, the unfolding of the father-soul is a devout theme for any novelist. The suffering father we have had as Priam, Lear, Père Goriot, and recently in a masterly novel of Edouard Estaunie, "L'Appel de la Route." M. Hermant's Philippe is not a suffering father: he is ecstatic, joyful, forward-looking; he will mold his son after his own pattern. He names him Rex for his English comrade, takes him as a small boy to the Goncourt circle, indoctrinates him with Whitman through his own Socratic novel, takes him to Greece where the boy becomes another Phaedrus listening to another Socrates. The Greek portion of this trilogy which is as international in geography as in ideas is wholly beautiful. It has the soft radiance of a Plato dialogue. M. Hermant has written a consummate idyl; the exquisite touches from the various dialogues are so many gems in a lovely setting. Loveliest of all is the jewel from Theocritus, the sacredness of the kisses of children.

It is the life of the father as a man of the world that cracks the bond between father and son. The son resents the father's attachment to a Polish artist of the Goncourt circle. How shall the father hide his conduct from his son? All this intimate family life is in a tense, low key, non-dramatic, and open to the question as to how to blend action and idea. The whole domes-

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tic tone is too passive for life though it effectively connotes what so often makes family life subtly difficult, voluntary silence and patience. The break between father and son is not only moral, it is intellectual. Rex is a soldier by profession. He is called to Africa and leaves with his father his unpublished book, which is a disappointment and a revelation. All the time that the father had been steeping him in a Whitman-Plato culture, the son himself had elected another approach to life. He is no child of Adam; he is no Phaedrus beneath a plane tree; he is a Latin of Latins, a new version of Augustine, the Augustine of the Carthage period, the Augustine whose virility is the joy and hope of Patricius, the anxiety of Monica. Philippe bows before the confession but rejoices that his son is after all the son of his intelligence. The war completes the union of father and son. Rex is wounded, is cared for by Lembach. He and his father make their way to Oxford; they find the comradeship of Tintagel and his son a solace for their ills. Thus this international symphony ends on the Whitman note. Whichever nation has glory from it, France has the chief one—a novel, noble in idea, in tone, in style.

ELLEN FITZGERALD

In Line

A Jongleur Strayed. By Richard Le Gallienne. With an Introduction by Oliver Herford. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

Mauna Roa and Other Poems. By Ames Brooks. Princeton University Press. $1.

A Pushcart at the Curb. By John Dos Passos. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

The Barcarole of James Smith. By Herbert S. Gorman. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

THERE is no original thing in the world, to be sure, but there are numberless unoriginal poets, and here are four. Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Dos Passos, and Mr. Gorman work four different veins of imitation on four distinct levels—levels so typical today that they deserve definition.

Mr. Le Gallienne's level is the lowest, partly because Mr. Le Gallienne is the oldest of the four poets and should know the best what not to do, partly because the Golden Coach which Oliver Herford says he rides in down the Via Laurea is too downily upholstered. Mr. Le Gallienne stepped into this coach years ago, not because it was gold—it wasn't and isn't—but because it was rolling down Easy Street. And still he rolls there, smiling proudly at a population which doubtless smiles back but which contains not one true poet, not one true lover of the potent, honest word. Those fellows are off on side streets, working very hard at tough material, perhaps beneath a Ford in the dust. Mr. Le Gallienne among his cushions is living evidence of how fatal it is to play safe and dodge the questions which modern life puts to an artist. Everything about his verse refutes the faith that in older, more stable times there was a pure poetry, timeless and universal, which may now be recovered by sensible minds. Sanity of such a sort, and it is Mr. Le Gallienne's only virtue, is inanity. Jonson, Herrick, Marvell struggled through underbrush to the highway of a charming idiom. Mr. Le Gallienne appropriates the idiom without struggle, and so without charm or meaning.

Mr. Brooks is one step up from his complacent elder. The fact that he is young explains his desire to imitate somebody, and the fact that he is young just now excuses his desire to imitate Tennyson or Swinburne. Probably he would not want to be taken for more than a college poet. As such, with his Omar, his Ulysses, his Avalon, his Mona Lisa, his Sir This and Sir That, his sunset star, his high romance, and his call to

"Trim the lamp of Beauty
In a material age,"

he is mildly appealing. Though one remembers that the liveliest college poets long ago outgrew their Alfred and their Algernon, one does not happen to be offended by Mr. Brooks, who is not old, and who is not a goose. Because he is imitating naturally and in due course, he may in due course grow up.

Mr. Dos Passos, from whom a good deal of freshness might have been expected, is stale enough to startle. One was not aware that imagism was so dead—dead at least as Galahad, though it was alive ten years ago. The Dos Passos whose random trances before sunsets and tinted pavements bothered certain readers of the otherwise brisk "Three Soldiers" is here in complete, irretrievable trance. He has adopted for good what may be called the imagist stare—cold, sullen, eyeless contemplation of life in terms of aesthetic experience. He has achieved satire on certain pages, and now and then an image has blood in it; but for the most part he gets nowhere. This has blood in it:

"Three soldiers in khaki are sweeping them up,
sweeping up the autumn leaves,
crimson maple leaves, splotched with saffron,
ochre and cream,
brown leaves of horse-chestnuts . . .
and the leaves dance and curtsey round the brooms,
full of mirth,
wistful of the journey the wind promised them."

Mr. Gorman gets somewhere because he is led by a living man. In so far as he was wise to imitate, he was wise to imitate Edwin Arlington Robinson. Here are sardonic quatrains, melancholy and abstracted, here are concise portraits of mysteriously defective souls, here is relentless play with the skull and bones of passion, here, to match Mr. Robinson's great poem on Shakespeare, is a poem on Marlowe, here is intelligence, here is diligence, here is unquestionable superiority. Yet these lack the final force. Within the shadow which he shares with Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Gorman stands nearest the sun, and once, in the poem Midnight, where he copies T. S. Eliot, he almost steps out; but like the rest he remains unwarmed by any direct ray. The sun of poetry shines seldom, and never on the same field twice.

MARK VAN DOREN

Knut Hamsun

Knut Hamsun. By Hanna Astrup Larsen. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

IN general the sins of biographical-critical studies may be divided into two types. There is the venial sin of enthroning your subject on the cloudy heights to the accompaniment of perfumed trumpets and acclamations of infallibility; and there is the mortal sin of delving infinitely in research to prove that your subject washed his teeth every day and occasionally dipped his doughnut in his coffee when his wife was not looking, thereby establishing beyond doubt that he was no better than you or I or—what is more to the point—than the biographer.

Both these faults Miss Larsen has avoided in her study of Knut Hamsun. She reveals the great Norwegian with a warmth of sympathy and understanding unhampered by the obviously academic. She sets out to prove no point, no theory rides her plan of study. It is a simple, straightforward account of the life and works of the author, whom she evidently reveres, but with a sanity that does not overlook his defects. More than that, her study is in itself an excellent piece of writing.

Not the least interesting speculation to Americans in these pages is the statement that much of the dash and brilliance of Hamsun's "Hunger" is probably due to his wanderings in this country. Several of his short stories deal with his experiences in America. "I was a street-car conductor in Chicago." And as we have learned to expect, with the same loving grace that Krazy Kat expects the brick of his beloved Mouse in the ballet, Hamsun took the usual visiting foreigner's privilege of mud-slinging in his "Intellectual Life in Modern America."

EDWIN SEAVER

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Books in Brief

The Rural Mind and Social Welfare. By Ernest R. Groves. University of Chicago Press. $2.

An attempt to apply the results of recent psychological work to the farmer and the rural community. Sane and sensible.

Working with the Working Woman. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. Harper and Brothers. $2.

An account of an industrial slumming expedition into six industrial establishments. On the whole a silly book, full of self-consciousness, sophistication, sentiment, and posing.

Unemployment. By F. W. Pethick-Lawrence. Oxford University Press. $0.85.

A popular, well-written account of the causes of unemployment, with emphasis on the effects of war and a brief discussion of proposed remedies.

Handbook of Commercial Geography. By George G. Chisholm. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

Ninth completely revised edition of a standard work which has no competitor in the English language.

Translations of Eastern Poetry and Prose. By Reynold A. Nicholson. Cambridge University.

Interesting versions by the lecturer in Persian at Cambridge of passages from forty-nine Persian and Arabian poets and historians between 500 and 1500 A.D.

Lives of the Philosophers. By Philostratus.—*Lives of the Philosophers and Sophists.* By Eunapius. Translated by Wilbur Cave Wright. (Loeb Classical Library.) Putnam. $2.25.

Curious, interesting, sometimes valuable collections of gossip and anecdotes about the principal literary class in later Greece, now well rendered, for the first time, in English.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1922 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, December 1, and not later than Saturday, December 30, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 14, 1923.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

LECTURES *and* AMUSEMENTS

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Write for Bulletin

New Courses Beginning

Nov. 10—**Nellie S. Nearing,** "Woman & Social Progress"
Nov. 11—**Harry W. L. Dana,** "Current Plays"
Nov. 13—**Algernon Lee,** "Economics"
Nov. 14—**Herman Epstein,** "Ring of the Nibelungen"
Nov. 14—**Margaret Daniels,** "Psychology"
Nov. 18 and 24—**Scott Nearing,** "Labor Economics," "Sociology" and "Current Events"

Nov. 19—Forum—**Frank P. Walsh** on "Russia"

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WHO STARTED IT
PROLONGED IT
KEEPS ITS HATREDS ALIVE ?

A Lecture By **JEAN LONGUET**
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International Relations Section

The Black-Shirted Princes of Italy

AN impressive "Disciplinary Regulation for the Fascist Militia" was recently promulgated by the General Command of the National Fascist Party of Italy and printed in *La Patria* for October 8, from which the following text is taken.

In the conference which was held at Rome between the executives of the party and the General Command of the Fascist Militia, the following disciplinary regulation was approved:

Fascist Militia

1. The Fascist Party is always a militia.

2. The Fascist militia is at the service of God and the Italian nation and gives the following oath:

"In the name of God and of Italy, in the name of all those who have fallen in battle for the greatness of Italy, I swear to consecrate myself exclusively and unceasingly for Italy's good."

3. Its military uniform is the symbol of giving to Italy a new masculine vigor and laying the foundation for a formidable hierarchy to which the party will eventually intrust the destinies of the nation.

4. The Fascist militia shall serve Italy in purity, with a spirit imbued with a deep mysticism, based on an unshakable faith, dominated by an inflexible will, scorning opportunism and prudence as cowardice, determined to make any sacrifice for its faith, conscious of the burden of a terrible mission to save the great mother of all and strengthen and purify her.

5. The Fascist soldier knows only duty. His only right is to fulfil his duty and enjoy it.

6. Whether officer or soldier he must obey with humility and command with force. Obedience in this voluntary militia shall be "blind, absolute, and respectful" up to the highest step in the hierarchy, the Supreme Head and the executive committee of the party.

7. The Fascist soldier has a moral law of his own. The common moral law, relating to the family, politics, and social relations, prismatic as it is, is of no value to the Fascist soldier. His law is honor, as it was for the knights of old, a law which aims at the height of perfection without ever attaining it, a law all-powerful, severe, of absolute justice, even when it conflicts with formal written law, which is always inferior to it.

8. Absolute honor is the disciplinary law for the Fascist militia, and besides being upheld by the political organs it is protected by the highest officials of the hierarchy.

9. The Fascist militia rejects those who are impure, those who are unworthy, those who are traitors.

10. He is "impure" who, though he follows the laws of discipline, does not abide by the commands of Fascism, ignores them, does not put them into practice, or violates them in any way; he who has any kind of deficiency of character; he who does not use all means within his power to attack courageously the secret or avowed internal enemies of Italy; he who lacks the sense to meet the enemies of Italy on the basis of a life for a life, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a hand for a hand, a foot for a foot, a fire for a fire, a wound for a wound, or a bruise for a bruise; he who has any lack of faith whatsoever, any skepticism, or any suspicion of doubt when military action is under way.

11. And he is "unworthy" who resists discipline or refuses, whether positively or negatively, to recognize the hierarchy; contests the application of the commands of militant Fascism, or wilfully attempts to interfere with them or to slander them; violates the laws of honor as understood in the strictest sense; does not prove his courage in the face of any enemy who may be designated by his chiefs; does not live up to the duty of firmest solidarity with comrades of the faith at every opportunity, both morally and materially.

12. He is a "traitor" who in any way, shape, or manner offends or insults the members of the Fascist militia; spreads distrust of the leaders and creates or tends to create disruption; stirs up or incites movements of rebellion within a squadron, among squadrons, among maniples, centurions, cohorts, and legions; stirs up or incites dissension between the Fascist militia and the responsible leaders of the political organs; stirs up before, during, or after action any manner of discontent by propagating other faiths; in any way supports intrigues injurious to Italy or to Fascism as it is interpreted by the responsible organs; resigns or withdraws from the Fascist militia for the purpose of starting organizations which are not recognized by the party; having left the Fascist militia, talks against it, insults it, or in any way undermines its existence; violates in any way or for any reason the bond of a secret confided to him by his superiors or equals; does not live up to the oath of the Fascisti.

13. Those who are charged with impurity shall be tried as follows:

By the legion commanders, in cooperation with the provincial federations, if any group up to a centurion is affected; by the zone inspectors, after hearing the opinion of and in cooperation with the legion commanders, the provincial federations, and the regional delegates, if any group up to a cohort is affected;

By the General Command, after hearing the opinion of the zone inspectors and in cooperation with the executive committee of the party, if any group up to one or more legions is affected.

14. Those charged with unworthiness or treachery shall always be tried by a commission which, in addition to representing competent political organs, shall include the General Command, which shall hear the opinion of the zone inspectors, who in turn shall hear the opinion of the commanders of any legions affected.

15. Those found impure shall receive penalties ranging up to expulsion; those found unworthy shall be expelled; the traitors, in addition to expulsion, shall suffer the severest punishments.

16. The Fascist militia is strictly subordinate to the political party, with due attention to the grades of the hierarchy.

Not only must it be considered the right hand of the party, but there must be such absolute unity between it and the party that every Fascist is a soldier of the idea without distinction and Fascism as a whole is the militia; every violation of this fundamental principle is treachery.

a. Every "prince" or "black shirt" shall be supplied with a special legion sign, in addition to the party sign, according to the model intrusted to the executive committee of the party.

Members

17. All party members shall obey its special laws of honor and the military discipline of the Fascist militia, based strictly on the hierarchy.

18. The Fascist militia is made up of "princes," or "black shirts," and of "triari" or reserves, as in the Roman militia.

19. The princes or black shirts which formed the first bands of the Roman army, represent in Fascism the most active and ardent fighters.

20. The triari or reserves who made up the heavy militia, the nerves of the Roman armies, are the reserves of Fascism, those who stand by the shoulders of the fighters, the old men, the vigorous and patient force of the back line, the spiritual nerve of the Fascist militia which is made up of those who on account of age or special circumstances are not part of the regular militia.

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The triari are not exempt from obeying the military laws of Fascism and its hierarchy.

21. The princes or black shirts shall wear the uniform at the orders of the officers and according to the prescribed rules for the organization and operation of legions which regulate its use.

The triari or reserves are neither obliged nor entitled to wear the uniform except under special orders issued upon occasion by the General Command.

22. The decision of joining the princes or the triari does not rest with the Fascist. When he enlists, he shall state his preference, and will be assigned by the proper authorities to either one body or the other. The decision will be made by the legion commanders in cooperation with the Fascist executives, after hearing the opinion of lower officials in the hierarchy who are concerned with the Fascist militia, and with due regard to the special conditions of the Fascist. Refusal on the part of the Fascist to accept the decision made renders him thereby unworthy.

23. The Fascist militia which formulates its disciplinary standards in this regulation has outlined its application in "Instructions for the Organization and Operation of Legions."

The Hierarchy

24. The leaders of Fascism, both military and political, bear the most serious responsibility. He who would build today the new hierarchy for the Italy of tomorrow must possess the temper of a feudal lord, the will of a ruler, the personal charm and magnetism of an apostle, and a heart as great as Italy. First of all, above faith, strength, passion, and arms, he must be a master of sacrifice.

25. The leader must, in proportion to his rank, teach by example. He has the right and the duty to use force toward those below him. This duty can never be carried out unless he can create love around him, for love alone generates sacrifice.

26. The leader must demand the strictest discipline from those below him and must keep himself under rigid discipline. In failing to live up to this duty he renders himself impure.

27. The leader must not shun responsibility, but must feel it deeply with regard to his superiors and to those who are outside the party. He must always answer for those below him.

28. If an army does not fight, the responsibility rests entirely with the general. If a military division of any degree of strength falls short of its duty in any way, whether through certain individuals or the whole group, the responsibility lies with the leaders rather than with the soldiers. If a voluntary militia is not perfectly drawn up, it becomes the worst of evils; if it is, it is prepared, as Fascism always was, for the greatest things. The leader who does not live up to these traditions renders himself impure.

29. The whole membership of Fascism and the whole future of Italy are based on the hierarchy. Officials who seek, solicit, or accept any task which they have not the strength, purity, or capacity to carry out render themselves unworthy.

30. The hierarchy, once formed, as it is in Fascism, by promotions won by example and with evident proof to the members of the sacrifices made in the Great War and the war against the internal enemy must live and perpetuate itself by its own powers.

The leaders are chosen and assigned to the Fascist militia by superior officials who have heard the opinion of the political authorities, in accordance with the provisions set forth in the "Instructions for the Organization and Operation of Legions." Every conflicting provision is abrogated.

31. The political leaders, whether princes (or black shirts) or triari (reserves) have full title to the uniform.

32. They wear the insignia described in Instructions and are entitled to salutes and honors according to the corresponding grades therein designated. By virtue of combining civil and military duties they are obliged to wear the military emblems.

33. The black shirts must always remember that Fascism as a whole is the militia, and that consequently all the leaders are military leaders.

34. During action or military demonstrations the civil leaders have no command. It will rest with the military commanders who are superior in the hierarchy to determine their positions.

35. The scale of the hierarchy is solely for the purposes above mentioned and for the regulation of political and military relations. It in no way interferes with the principle set forth in Article 16 regarding the absolute sovereignty of the political authority, with due consideration to the hierarchy and to the fact that the militia is composed of Fascism as a whole.

36. The hierarchical scale is as follows: *Military rank:* general commanders, general zone inspectors, consuls, cohort commander, centurion commander, maniple commander. *Corresponding political rank:* party leader, general political secretary, members of the party executive committee, vice-general-secretaries, general administrative secretary, regional delegates, deputies.

Provincial secretaries and members of the provincial executive committees, secretaries of "Fasci" (Fascist units) with more than 500 members, and their respective executive committees.

Secretaries of Fasci with 200-500 members and their respective executive committees.

Secretaries of Fasci having less than 200 members, and their respective executive committees.

The Uniform

37. "The Instructions for the Organization and Operation of Legions" prescribe the forms of uniform, the insignia for officers, and the use of the emblems. The black shirt now has its own glory and its own history.

38. He who wears the black shirt is more than ever bound to a correct and noble bearing in accordance with the spirit and the letter of this regulation. He who disgraces himself in any way while he is wearing the black shirt must be immediately reminded of his duty by the other "princes" and by his superiors.

39. Abuse of the uniform is not permitted. The various officers of the hierarchy are to regulate its use so that it will be worn only by those leaders who will make it serve its best purposes, who will wear it with dignity and honor, and who will defend it with courage. He who abuses it is thereby rendered impure.

40. He who does not defend the uniform and emblems at the cost of his life is unworthy of wearing them. The uniform carries on the traditions of the war heroes.

41. The uniform must be worn with pride and love. Wearing it and for its sake our dead gave up their lives. He who does not respect it, keeps it dirty or slovenly-looking, shows by his negligence that he is unworthy of wearing it.

Public Demonstrations

42. No demonstration of princes and black shirts can be held without an agreement between the military officials and the Fascist political authorities.

43. In making the agreements necessary for the application of the preceding article, regarding the joint action of the political and military authorities, the officials concerned shall be guided by the principles of cooperation established in Articles 13 and 14, relating to penalties. In this way demonstrations shall be determined upon with strict observance of the principles previously set forth for maintaining the closest bonds between the various elements which are indissolubly bound together in Fascism.

44. The rules for parade, for public hierarchical honors, for salute, for the formation of sections, legions, and groups of legions, are contained in the "Instructions for the Organization and Operation of Legions."

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45. In every demonstration the leader shall see that all his men bear themselves in such a manner as to make every good citizen feel that the Fascist militia is the first guard of the nation.

46. Whenever the black shirts appear in public they must prove that they are the purest and the highest patriotic force in Italy—the force which asks nothing and can at any time die for the nation.

47. Every disorder in a group, every demonstration of a demagogical nature, or in defense of private interests shall be considered treason and shall be punished as such either collectively or individually. The leaders and the chief offenders shall be held responsible first of all.

REWARDS AND EMBLEMS OF HONOR

48. Fascisti who have in some special way distinguished themselves in action by deeds of courage performed in purity shall receive as a special distinction the medal of Fascist courage or promotion on the field.

49. The medal of Fascist courage can be of gold, silver, or bronze, the coin and the form of the medal to be determined by the General Command together with the executive committee of the party.

50. It is tied with a red vermilion ribbon with two tricolor borders.

51. Proposals shall henceforth be made by any political or military Fascist authority and passed by all superior political and military authorities in the hierarchy up to the general secretary of the party executive committee.

52. Proposals for rewards for valor shall be judged without appeal by a majority vote of the triumvirate of the General Command.

53. The awards will then be published in the bulletin of the General Command and reprinted on all orders of the day down to that of the legion command so that they may be read by all princes or black shirts.

54. Medals for courage in action may be awarded only by the general commanders or by the party leader.

55. Promotion on the field to head of a squadron or head of a maniple may be made only by legion commanders or their superiors. Promotion to centurion commander may be made by the zone inspectors.

The General Command shall always be notified of any promotions.

56. Promotion on the field to cohort commander or higher rank is always decided by the General Command after hearing the opinion of the proper authority.

57. Fascisti who have been wounded in action or for the Fascist faith are entitled to a special wound emblem.

58. The wound emblem is formed by a stripe of red vermilion braid 5 millimeters high and 5 centimeters long to be worn obliquely on the right sleeve of the black shirt.

59. The extent of the wounds or any mutilations may be designated according to the same rules which governed emblems for those who suffered injuries in the war.

60. The General Command, after hearing the opinion of the lower officials in the hierarchy who are concerned, judges without appeal requests for awards of emblems for mutilations or wounds.

TRANSITORY PROVISIONS

61. The provisions of the present regulation shall go into effect upon its publication in the *Popolo d' Italia.*

For the General Command:

CESARE MARIA DE VECCHI
EMILIO DE BONO
ITALO BALBO

For the Party Executive Committee:

MICHELE BIANCHI

Torre Pellice, September 17, 1922

Mussolini: The First Man in Italy

SIGNOR BENITO MUSSOLINI, now leader of the Fascisti, was only twenty-five years old when he became editor of *Avanti,* the official organ of the Italian Socialist Party. In 1913 he was the idol of the party, but when the war broke out he found himself repudiating the Socialist principles of internationalism. He broke away from *Avanti* and was expelled from the party; a month later he founded the *Popolo d' Italia* and bent all his energies to bringing about Italian participation in the war on the Allied side. After the close of the war and Mussolini's return from service at the front he became alarmed at the Bolshevik tendencies displayed by the Italian workers. He was strongly opposed to the seizure of the plants by the metallurgical workers in 1920, and though at that time his party did not have sufficient strength to offer any effective resistance it was growing steadily, and in November, 1920, the first bloody encounter with the Socialists took place at Bologna. This was the beginning of the decline of Italian bolshevism and the rise of the Fascisti.

Signor Mussolini made to the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* the following statement of his party's aims and policies. *The Nation* reprints the statement from the *Guardian* for October 19.

I am keenly desirous of peace and reconstruction. I know that Italy needs the restoration of order, needs to get back to work. But only through our intervention could the ground be cleared for a political and financial situation in Italy worthy of her great sacrifices for the Allied cause. Twice we saved our country—first when German militarism threatened her and secondly when the Italian Bolshevists had erected their infernal machinery. In both cases the Fascist Party did a great service to Europe and to the whole world.

Italy's present Government is powerless. The present Chamber of Deputies will never allow the formation of a strong Cabinet which could seriously and energetically attack the vital problems which face us. Only the Fascist Party is giving clear evidence of its patriotism and its determination to rescue the country from the present impasse. The Government must understand that the time has come to call upon the Italian people to elect a new Chamber. Should the Cabinet fail to do this we shall take drastic action.

Our subsequent policy will be inspired by the love of our country and of the working people. We shall call a general election as soon as peace and normal activity have been restored. I feel certain, however, that the Government will realize our strength and our single-minded desire to attain peace and freedom for all, and for every political party. The present Chamber of Deputies, then, must be dissolved; our party will emerge victorious from the polling. As soon as we are in power we shall proceed to carry out our program.

At present, I asked, you have thousands of armed followers, the so-called "black shirts." How could you reconcile the existence of two armies—the regular army and your "black shirts"—if you were the head or even a member of the Government?

As a member of a Cabinet with a Fascist program I should at once intimate to the Italian people that bloodshed must cease. Everyone must work and act for the welfare of the country. There will be no reason for the continued existence of the "black shirt" army. They must obey my orders and keep the peace. In common with all other Italian citizens they must abandon political antagonisms in order to serve the great common cause, the welfare of our beloved country.

What will be your home and foreign policy?

I love the working classes. The supreme ambition and the dearest hope of my life has been, and is still, to see them better

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treated and enjoying conditions of life worthy of the citizens of a great nation. They have a just claim to humane conditions and to a reward proportionate to their labor. But men have duties as well as rights. I cannot admit the classic, Marxist conception of socialism, and I deny that the welfare of the proletariat can be attained through the principles of Marxism. I do not believe in the class war, but in cooperation between classes. The Fascist Government will devote all its efforts to the creation of an agrarian democracy based on the principle of small ownership. The great estates must be handed over to peasant communities; the great capitalists of agriculture must submit to a process of harmonization of their rights with those of the peasants.

In foreign policy we shall be good friends with all those nations which are worthy of our friendship; but we shall be bitter enemies of those nations which will not realize that Italy will never assert aims conflicting with the rights of other peoples.

Our policy will be entirely liberal. We shall be glad to accept the collaboration of all, even of our opponents. But I want the Italian people to understand that our conception of liberty implies a severe national discipline. The rule of the Fascist Party will begin a new era of liberty—provided, of course, that all parties understand that this liberty must be entirely devoted to our country's welfare.

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